

MACLEAN'S

What Canadians
really feel about

Love, Violence and The Family



We're
more
violent
than
we
think



The smooth taste of Seagram's V.O.

Special moments — gay, sociable, congenial — call for a special whisky. And what could make for a more successful occasion than V.O. — a truly noble whisky with a smooth lightness all its own. When you want to turn a moment into a special occasion, go for Seagram's V.O. and the smooth taste of success.



How To Live Next Door To America Without Getting Burned

Vietnam and Canada — disorder in the streets and on the campus — the disaffection of the youth — Indians in many of our people, particularly one young man who should not seek to make the American Dream his. Canadians are determined that they will build something that is clearly their own' — J. J. Greene of Denon, May 12, 1970.

What has already entered history as "the Denver speech" clarified some things for us all. It gave hard questions, to what had hitherto been only a latent popular emotion. It reminded that Canadians had stopped asking whether the American system was corrupt and now were discussing ways to maintain themselves against it. The speech followed a period of national reflection that began two years ago when Pierre Trudeau's colloquialism publicly about the danger that nuclear disaster in the United States could bring into civil war and spill disastrously over Canada's border.

Traditionally, Canadians have shared viewpoints in the glow of the American Dream. They have admired at Whitman's feet and for inspiration, to know how, power and abundance. This summer many of us see that dream becoming a nightmare.

What can we do about it? Certainly, we cannot change the massive divisions in which the complex American society is moving. Can we even cope with its marginal consequences? Perhaps the best we can do is learn from the American experience avoid its mistakes — and meet hopeful freedom for ourselves.

On the following pages, Malcolm defines five aspects of the American crisis. Then, a presents the comments of a panel of distinguished Canadian academics. Most of them, however, are heavily optimistic about Canada's possibilities. Together, they offer a significant pointer to Canadians who want to set about building something that is clearly their own." □

RUMDINGER

White Ron Carioca
- liveliest way
to end the day
- alone or
in mixed company.

Rumdinger Recipe

11 oz. Ron Carioca Rum
1 oz. B&B (Sweet) Vermouth
1/2 oz. Haskins Orange or Cointreau
11 oz. Grenadine
2 eleven Angostura Bitters
2 oz. prepared lemon juice

Shake well, serve in tall glass with ice.
Garnish with slice of orange, cherry

Bottled and bottled in Canada under the supervision of the government. Ron Carioca is a registered trademark of Ron Carioca Inc.

CANADA REPORT

Our neighbor's house is on fire. If we're not careful, we'll get burned. Maclean's reports on the crises in American politics, law and order, education, technology and values — and goes to the best minds in Canada for pointers on how we can stay out of crises ourselves:



America:
They do not
reason together —
the centre cannot hold

ON THE LEFT, there's Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman urging a violent revolution. On the Right, there's Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew calling anti-war demonstrators "effete snobs" and "bums." And then, the protest Americans no longer "reason together." They choose up sides.

□ **THE VANISHING MIDDLE.** "Democracy and the pressures of the most unpopular war in American history are reducing the country's capability of sane debate. On the extreme Left is the relative handful driven in acts of violence. Toward the Centre, protest ranges from long haired yuppies and white collar subcultures, respectable segments of the Establishment.

These middle-of-the-road voices are now being drowned out by the narrow sheets of the extreme Right by the so-called "patriotic" segments expressed in the bumper-sticker "America: Love it or leave it" — joined moment (see Paul J. Cook).

□ **FLAG FRENZY.** The flag has become a symbol of division. While growing numbers are defacing, burning, tearing up and otherwise abusing symbols on the nation's colors, the stream of New York is looking more and more like Montreal Day in New York. Five eagles and perhaps trucks proudly fly the Stars and Stripes. Even the flag poles are being used as targets. In their words, New York politicians are not prepared to wear little American flag pins on their uniforms. There are people, even for women, who are wearing the flag on their heads. The flag is popular among hard-core conservative war-movie Americans, but it is becoming a solid national movement that the flag business was never better. "No one sees the flag anymore," writes one anti-American Black, "without the thought of blood and violence."

□ **LEADERSHIP VACUUM.** "Those who make peaceful revolution impossible," said John F. Kennedy, "will make violent revolution inevitable." America today lacks moderate leaders. There are no Martin Luther Kings or Robert Kennedy's to bring the people together. The most political blacks, the most militant students, the most desperate people work outside the machinery of the established parties. Americans are led by George Wallace in Alabama, by Ronald Reagan

Two weeks before a student was "accidentally" killed by police during a demonstration on the Santa Barbara campus of the University of California, Governor Reagan had said: "If I had a baseball, let's get it over with. No more appointments."

□ **THE CULTURE GAP.** Life in America is a study in contrasts. "For most Americans, even political leaders, there's more 'life' than politics here, in every way. Just 20 years ago, schools are better. The food is better. Architecture is better. Vacations are longer. Circumstances of daily life are more and more comfortable except for what the draft does to their lives and inflation does to their wages. On the other hand, in New York, no political stress, not the present progress, but the problems of the race and class have been. There is pollution, racial discrimination, violence, traffic, all sorts of problems. The New York solution of one system, one state from areas where the institutional stress is most acute, yet it's heard by the people who live in the old environment and are not nearly as shocked. That is the culture gap."

□ **THE SCORPCARD.** Because of the danger of major strikes, a 78-year-old tradition of New York politicians and their families is being threatened by the possibility of a strike.

□ **THE SCORPCARD.** Because of the danger of major strikes, a 78-year-old tradition of New York politicians and their families is being threatened by the possibility of a strike.

□ **THE SCORPCARD.** Because of the danger of major strikes, a 78-year-old tradition of New York politicians and their families is being threatened by the possibility of a strike.

□ **THE SCORPCARD.** Because of the danger of major strikes, a 78-year-old tradition of New York politicians and their families is being threatened by the possibility of a strike.

everything I've wanted for — for myself, my wife and my children." A sign carried by a New York construction worker during a recent demonstration: "National Guard — 4 — Kiss O'."

Canada:
Government must work for people, not power groups

Can Canada avoid the U.S.A.'s political upheaval?

Author Joan Jacobs, an American scholar-activist writer, has written a book, "The U.S.A. — Yes — if government will respond to human beings, not to the business groups." Via U.S. issues? For most American authorities, "there is no special interest (such as a special interest group) in displaying the concept for the people and lowering their legitimate demands."

Can Canadians avoid such upheaval?

University of Toronto sociologist and author James L. Payne writes: "If you want to be persuaded that there's some point in being politically active."

Neil Christie, Education book publisher and Liberal Party activist, tells us: "The 'side-up' in the unstable political situation is that if you want to change the country, start by taking over the country. You live in it. Anybody can do it."

What's to prevent governments which have long anti-foreign business policies, as in the U.S.?

Albanus Bruns, political economist and managing editor of The Canadian Forum, "The present Canadian political tradition of operating on emotions."

Robert F. Fidler, editor, Saturday Night "Canadian are conspicuous."

In Canadian elections now?

United Church minister Dr. Robert MacLean says: "I don't want much more of it. I know that we have more. As things grow more complicated and more problems, problems, our present level of education will not do it. Education can make a subject in school." □



Second class mail registration No. 1290

Take off in a Hertz 747 this week



1. Rent this Mercury Marquis on the Hertz 747 rate. You get liability insurance at no extra charge.

2. Rent this Ford Fairlane. No cash deposit needed if you charge your trip (see below).

Rent one from Hertz for just \$7.47 a day, 10¢ a mile
Now available on weekends,
long weekends and by the week

Wanting a car soon? Rent a Hertz 747 car. You get an excellent rate and a brand-new Ford Fairlane, Mercury Marquis or similar low car. Your Hertz 747 car costs just \$7.47 a day, 10¢ a mile. You can rent it for weekends, long weekends and seven-day weeks at nearly all Hertz offices in Canada and the U.S. We supply a million-dollar all-inclusive liability insurance at no extra charge, but you supply the gas.

When to rent a 747

The new 747 rate is an excellent deal if you drive less than 500 miles. You can rent your car in one major city and have it in another at no extra charge. So you can use the 747 for one-way trips.

Going farther than 500 miles?

If you drive more than 500 miles, Hertz has even better rates. Our

Weekend Special Rates for instance, or the \$180 Unlimited Mileage Plan.

For 500 legs rental you can drive as far as you like for seven days. Providing you return the car to the city where you rented it.

How to book a Hertz 747

Call your local Hertz office. Ask for a Fairlane or Mercury on the 747 rate. Planning a long weekend? You get the car you want.

Newcomers/visitors: Hertz 747 car ready at almost any major airport in Canada or the U.S.A. When you collect the car, all you need is your driver's license and a credit card (or other proof of identity). Your license must be valid and current. You must be 21.

You can charge your trip without money's cash deposit by using your Hertz card or trip at the following cards: American Express, Carte

Blanche, Diners, Euro-Card or Bell.

Extra benefits include dependability check.

We want your trip to be smooth and trouble-free. So it's Hertz policy in Canada to give your car a 10-point dependability check before we hand it over.

You also receive maps, travel guides, and the best routes to take. Because Hertz customers have a better way to go. Whenever they go.

To book a Hertz car at the 747 or other rates, call a travel agent or your local Hertz office.

Hertz

A better way to go.

OUR VIEW
YOUR VIEW

- ☐ Psst! Too many of us have too many babies!
- ☐ Let them eat fish—they *might* be safe
- ☐ Remember the Garden Generation?
- ☐ You're telling us—Trudeaumania lives!
- ☐ And introducing Chez Us—a rare spot where Canada laughs at itself



BY D. A. CHAN

Big as it is, Canada doesn't need more people

When crowded in a just tube, a population of bacteria first exploits and then falls to extinction. It has exhausted the resources of space, air, water and food. Our planet is crowded and finite, a system as delicate as the one that sustains life. For all our technology and intelligence, we can't escape the fate of the bacteria, unless we limit our population to a level our environment can support. This applies to Canada as much as everywhere else.

The average Canadian is alone too quick to agree that India, China and Latin America are the countries with serious problems of overpopulation. He equally quickly rejects any suggestion that Canada, too, suffers from this affliction — after all, we have a vast unpopulated hinterland.

Dr. D. A. Chan is Chairman of the Department of Zoology, University of Toronto.

Nowhere, though, is the gravity of the population crisis more under-estimated. Canadians seem convinced that a population increase in our country is not only inevitable but also essential to national well-being. Our business communities tell us to lift up the weapons against the north, exploit every natural resource, pave over land to expand our cities.

Many countries, however, have sound arguments about the desirability of controlled population growth in Canada. They know that pollution is a direct consequence of people and uncontrolled technology. (As our population increases, our environment deteriorates.) Nor is American affluence, based on the principle of "have now and pay later" with regard to environment. But will the cost be too great if we continue to exploit the world's natural resources?

Our continent has seven percent of the world's population and consumes about half of the world's raw materials. Even if our population could be held at its present level, these would still be drastic shortages of vital commodities within the next few decades. Meanwhile our population grows at an alarming rate — and scarcely likely to decline in the next 50 years.

One Canadian has about the same environmental impact through resource exploitation and pollution as 50 people in India. In terms of global environment, our effective population is not 21 million, but 50 times that figure — about one billion. From the world's point of view, who is creating the greatest problems of over-exploitation and pollution — India or Canada?

Who hasn't had to fight rush-hour traffic and crowded sidewalks, line up to get off a train or a bus? I explored the fact that our vacation areas are becoming ever more con-

gested, or congested at the rising cost of higher taxes? All of these things point to the fact that there are simply too many people — even on this portion of the planet that we call home.

While population and its economy have been expanding, our medical freedom has been shrinking. Stringent controls are applied to everyday living — only to be increased if we do not limit growth. The use of automobiles, boats and airplanes will become even more constrictive. Use of recreation areas will be reduced. Bureaucracy will become government's way to solve its problems with less success. The voice of the individual will seldom be heard.

Can we slow down the explosion of humanity before it is too late? Perhaps, yes — for the very reason that an increasing number of citizens are becoming more fully talking about overpopulation is not enough. In the United States, the most powerful organizations fighting the population problem is Zero Population Growth Inc., with more than 14,000 members.

In Canada, a group of neo-socialists has started a parallel but independent ZPG organization at the Department of Zoology, University of Toronto, with chapters from Vancouver to Fredericton.

ZPG is preparing a massive program to support the case for a national population policy. Members are speaking to the people. No one seriously advocates overpopulation to have babies. We believe our population can be controlled in more acceptable ways. We motivate no holy bonuses, liberalized abortion, more effective family planning services, and education. Overpopulation is a global problem and Canada has an opportunity to show other countries by example that the population problem can be solved. □

Continued on page 18



BY WALTER STEWART

How much poison in a 'safe' fish? It's no use asking Ottawa

Of course I can see the fish is safe — and I can't see. Can I have chlorine added?

One thing about mercury is that it is highly toxic, it can cause tremors, numbness, blurred vision, deafness, diabetes and, sometimes, death. It can also cause mental disability, and the suspicion, "lead in a bottle" comes from the fact that many workers in the hat industry, where mercury was once used extensively, went insane from inhaling its vapors. Mercury is no longer used in the manufacture of hats, but it is widely used in other industry and would, of course, be a dangerous contaminant, in our rivers and lakes.

Another thing about mercury is that nobody seems to know exactly how much of it is bad for you. Oh, we know generally that a little bit is a little bad, and a lot is very bad, but at what point should people be forbidden to eat mercury-contaminated foods? There is a figure, of course — there is always a figure. It is 0.5 parts per million. When fish contain more than 0.5 ppm in their tissues, the government steps in, seizes the fish and, if necessary, closes down the fishery. (Fisheries are closed pretty quickly — the better poisoning incidents are closed more slowly, if at all. The logic seems to be that if somebody is going around poisoning the public, the fair thing is to put the offender

out of business.) But this 0.5 ppm, considering as it usually doesn't mean anything, it is merely what the federal department of health and welfare, which set it, calls its administrative figure. A point, if you like, at a safe contamination level. How it came out that this ppm is based on bad information, and the acceptable level may be nearly three times too high.

That, at least, is the argument put forward by a scientist on the Fisheries research board, Dr. John B. Sprague. Sprague's thesis has not been popular with the government, since it suggests that much of the fish now considered safe may not be safe at all. The circulation of his paper, "Open Question On Mercury Residue In Some Fishes From The Canadian Atlantic Coast," has been sharply limited. He has been asked, extremely, not to discuss his findings with the press, and a staff note went to his superior at the St. Andrew's Research Station objecting that Sprague's paper was "burly" regarding to the Canadian public or to the fishing industry.

Quite right, since I have read the paper, released by a reluctant but required department of Fisheries, and I am not reassured. Sprague and an assistant analyzed a small number of fish from the Atlantic region, and found that they contained between 0.1 and 0.4 ppm of methyl mercury — below the danger standard. But Sprague used his sample, which he admits is too small to indicate general levels of mercury pollution in the area, as a springboard from which to attack the standard itself.

The acceptable level was established after studies on the bodies of 117 Japanese villagers who died from eating mercury-contaminated fish, showed an average level of 50 ppm. In accordance with normal toxicological practice, that figure was divided

by ten to arrive at a level which should be safe from lethal effects — 5 parts per million. Dividing by 10 once more provides a figure of 0.5, which should be safe from all effects, lethal or sub-lethal.

But the whole exercise was based on misanthropism. The amount of mercury in the Japanese bodies was measured on a dry-weight basis, whereas about 80% of the human body is water. In fact, the starting figure would have been 10 ppm, not 50, and, Sprague suggests a safe level — if there is such a thing — might be closer to 0.2 than 0.5. (He got this by starting with a figure of ten, dividing by ten for lethal effects and by five for sub-lethal effects. Since nearly half the fish he studied exceed the 0.2 level, the implications of Sprague's argument are clear and ominous — we may be eating toxic fish.)

I raised this point with both the department of Fisheries, which I was told, "We don't set the figures, we just apply them" and the department of health, where I received a curiously ambiguous response in the first place. It was told by a spokesman who remains discreetly anonymous that "Canada was well aware of the so-called misanthropism when we set our safety standards." However, in the second place, "You may be able to make quite a good argument about whether 0.2 is a better figure than 0.5" and, in the third place, "There may be some changes made in the regard."

What that seems to mean is that without ever admitting its mistake, the government is now about to correct it, hopefully before anybody gets hurt, and that fish you are eating, which is perfectly safe today, may be more than 200% over the safety standard tomorrow.

Mind as matters all of these. O

Charity, a limited right?

As Walter Stewart's *Why can't the poor appeal these low welfare ratings?* Between "right" and "charity" I can only see welfare as a charity. But, I would prefer to call it a limited right. When we have some welfare recipients enjoying more of the nation's material goods than some of the working poor who pay taxes to support welfare, then our sense of justice is badly out of kilter. A guaranteed income may be the answer.

—Mrs. Dorothy Harris, Toronto, Ont.



Distinctly Canadian, truly international.

The copper penny, one of the first made in Canada, was introduced by the Bank of Montreal in 1858.

And copper is an international commodity, used in everything from the electrical industry to the space sector in Canada, as well as in international supply and demand.

Though all Noranda's Canadian copper production is processed by our own smelting plant, we also use copper abroad to serve 30 countries, on behalf of the 25 developing nations for whom we do the smelting and refining.

Then why is broad international operations Noranda is very much

Canadian. We are 90% owned by Canadians and employ some 34,000 in production research and development, with 1000 offices a year.

And that's a pretty penny.

noranda

extending the horizons of Canada — through international cooperation.

See the art that turned on Picasso.



You can see the influence of African art in the portraits of Picasso's earliest phase.

You can see the colors and brush strokes in the work of Ferdinand Leger.

You can even see the impact of it in those strange, marvelous long faces of Matisse.

To understand why this art had such a tremendous effect on many of the great artists of the twentieth century take a look around South Africa.

Not far from Pretoria, for instance, visitors stop at the Ndebele villages, where masterly women artists create abstract, geometric murals on the walls of their houses. As well as weaving exotic headwear and dyeing their blankets with breathtaking color combinations.

Or while you're in Kimberley, visit the San's Museum. It's different from African museums. Here you can actually pick up fantastic masks,

sculptures, pottery, and examine them at close range. And their shape and weight.

Which gives you a sense, exciting insight into these works.

Of course, you'll want to bring home examples of African art and style. And you can. In the shops and the bazaar. Market you'll find masks. Pottery. Weaving. Stone sculpture. Wood sculpture. Terrazzo work in woods of different colors and handwoven producing a wide variety of interesting subjects. You can even take home a warrior's shield as tall as a man.

Prices are incredibly low. Walls off with a Zulu one for \$2. Or an African mask for 1/10th of what it would cost in the U.S.

Interestingly enough, these low prices apply not just to art, but to everything.

A tourist can live quite comfortably here for \$50 a day.

This means that vintage wines,

for instance, cost you a mere 70c per bottle.

And along with the vintage wines, you'll find all the other comforts of contemporary life.

In fact South Africa is almost unique in its striking contrasts. With its modern cities—like Johannesburg, Durban, Cape Town—you'll discover both primitive life and present-day luxury.

Practical, easiest way to get there is with South African Airways. A Boeing 730 Stratjet will wing you down from New York via the most direct route.

Your travel agent will help you get the most out of your stay. So here, And let him point you a picture of what you can see and do there.

SAA 
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS

**Come with us.
A little off the beaten track.**



Come on in
the
water's
terrific!

Enjoy yourself all through those swimmable, beachable, wonderful summer days. They go too quickly to let even one slip by. Especially for a silly reason like your monthly period. Internally worn Tampax tampons will let you swim without a worry. Freely. Comfortably. And when summer does bow to fall, you'll go right on using Tampax tampons. You just won't want to give up the convenience.

TAMPAX

SAFARI PROTECTION: WOMEN INTERNALLY
BASED ONLY
COPD AND TAMPAX CORPORATION LTD. BARRIE, ONT.

OUR VIEW FOUR VIEW

has been putting it together since 1933. He is Phyllis Vanwater, a 55-year-old former electrician about his age of creative fulfillment about his Vanwater confirmed that an increasing percentage of the estalogues' questionnaires were going into the can. What his urban customers did with all the words they ordered he didn't know. But he pulled out a letter from a customer in Puerto Rico, P.R., that summed it up for me. I threw my catalogue and wish I had the goodie to play were sent.

Before I left Georgetown I got to talking with a few men working in Dominica's 55 acres. One of them told me that he didn't want to look at fresh vegetables at the end of the day and that his wife opened a can of peas to go with his drink. I felt at that moment that I shared some values with most Canadians: open spaces and people who lacked their dogs. But not with him. I wanted to tell him that in the big cities we had gone the cannibal-potato route and that it was looking awfully toward caused us. But that's an absurd prospect to make when you're standing in a field of flowers talking to a man with a box who wants to move to Toronto as badly as you want to leave it.

What's really happening, of course, is that Toronto is moving to Georgetown. From where I stand I could see a Dirty Queen and a Kentucky Fried Chicken store, and Phyllis Vanwater was saying that the town now completely surrounded the Dominica airport. He said it completely and proudly. Even in the end, however, they still believe in progress as an unprovoked good. □

These Puritan nationalists

As narrow-minded, inward-looking, anti-Confederation Quebecers look on with amazed indifference at the controversy started by your February Canada Report, *The Restorationists* of *Sigra Or A New Canadian Nationalism*. And we (in good company) ever heard of the insular character of the British people? Why do a few Frenchmen emigrate, if not because they think they know better than everybody else how to live? Why do American tourists look for a Hilton in every foreign city? Love's don't hate other people, they simply are more interested in each other. So it is with Quebecers. Your readers' attitude toward Canada reminds me of the Puritans who were admired for being in love with their wives.

Melvin M. Pless, Julie Lovell, P.Q.

Writing on the wall

It appeared overnight on the new multi-level block of new-urban overlooking the beach front—the great word "OOLY." Too late, but supposed work. You wanted to applaud and say "Aahh!" But who is the mastermind of this subterranean outburst of truth? I wondered and I met one. At a roof-top party in Sydney (Australia), the fat PhD was listed as the man who had spray-painted "IN AMERICA EVERYONE HAS CONSCIOUSNESS!" the full length of Marjorie Corrie, and then settled back on the beach with an Esky of chilled ale to watch dopamine control men fighting to get it off before sunset fell it. Sadly, before he could expand his vision (he was practicing up-side-down listening of "HAPPY STICKS WHILE IT BURNS" for a hanging assault on an orange bridge), his possessions (car parking habits) forced him to emigrate to Canada in a creditless haze of traffic tickets. So if you find someone has added "IN AMERICA EVERYONE HAS CONSCIOUSNESS!" to the billboard for the World Famous Beerworks, Edna, blame him. I'd write it myself, but I'm chicken. Wouldn't even want the slogan on bumper stickers. So here, dedicated to anyone with a full paintbrush.

PEACE IS THE REASON FOR WAR
NATURE NEVER SHOWS A FRONT
WARNING: PROTECTION LENSES
THE FALLOUT OF POWER
HATE MACHINES A WEEKLY
—Professor Louis Laph, Professor 18



Is an Inglis washer durable?
Ask the man who owns 30.

John Morris' launderette is a constant testimonial for Inglis washers.

His 30 Inglis washers keep going 12 hours a day, virtually non-stop.

They wash out every conceivable kind of dirt and clean every conceivable kind of material.

They never stop in the middle of a cycle. They never have to be reset. They never have to be watched. A load can never be off-balanced.

In short, they're the ideal washer for home and launderette. (Our home model is essentially the same as our launderette machines, only you can dress it up.)

Which is probably why the Inglis washer is the best-selling washer in Canada.

Now, you may ask, "Is an



Inglis dryer durable?"

Ask a man who owns 30.





Walker's Special Old.

Hiram Walker's Special Old Canadian Whisky wins on taste, wins on smoothness, wins on popularity. Make yours Special Old. You can't lose.

The Winner.

True, most of us don't beat our wives
or belt our children. Guns bother us.
So does the sight of blood.
We're a peace-loving society. Or are we?
The second Maclean's-Goldfarb Report
digs deeply into the raw emotions that
shape our social attitudes—and discovers...

We're More Violent Than We Think

For a people much given to
mourning self-righteously, Cana-
dians are a sally dis-
cerned lot. We suffer from
delusions not of grandeur but
of grace. We like to think of
ourselves as a peace-loving
society, held together by
warm family ties. When Con-
servative leader Robert Stan-
field and Toronto's Mayor
William Dennison recently
sawmilled American desert-
ers not to die up trouble here,
they were making the com-
mon Canadian assumption
that Canada is a nonviolent
nation compared with the
United States.

It is here we stopped look-
ing ourselves. This Maclean's-
Goldfarb Report, the second
part of an extensive survey of
Canadian life in the 1970s,
shows that violence is a ma-
jor of almost daily routine in
our culture. Worse, the po-
tential for far more violence
is clearly present in our social
attitudes—especially among
English Canadians. There is
also good evidence that our
family life consumes more vi-
olence and less love than we
perceive.

These are some of the
main conclusions of the
study commissioned from
Morris Goldfarb. Constat-
sant, one of Canada's leading
social researchers. Even it is
based on a statistically reli-
able national sample taken in
all provinces. The charts and



GOLDFARB REPORTS ON LOVE, VIOLENCE AND THE FAMILY

statistics on the next pages
pose questions about our
unexamined attitudes to broad
cultural and social questions.
The answers can help us com-
prehend our collective na-
tional character.

We need to know how Cana-
dians really feel about love
and violence because these
feelings are socially relevant
in a time of discussion about
culture and society. For the
last 10 years or so Canada
has been bedeviled by the
western edge of a massive
social revolution. American
catastrophes like highlight

of a weather report, have
warned us all approaching
storms: "Mass New Morality,
together with scattered Sex
and Violence, will lead to a
Permissive Society. The out-
look: turbulence within and
between generations, followed
by a high-pressure zone of
Law and Order."

Leaders in Canadian society
—politicians, churchmen,
teachers and parents—must
to these warnings in various
ways. Some, assuming Canada
is a faithful echo of the U.S.,
demand tougher laws and
more censorship. Others

argue that the atmosphere
here is qualitatively different
and that American mistakes
can be avoided by granting
greater freedoms. The em-
erging factor in this debate has
been a knowledge of what
Canadians themselves think.

For instance, did you react
with disgust and anger last
fall when Ted Green of the
Boston Bruins was nearly
killed in a high-sticking goal
with Wayne Stala of the St.
Louis Blues during an NHL
exhibition game in Ottawa?
If you did, you probably
think your reaction was
shared by practically every-
body else. In fact, a remarka-
bly high proportion of peo-
ple, 39% of all Canadians,
like to see fighting at hockey
games. The percentage of
Canadians who enjoy brawls
is even higher among males
(44%) and persons earning
less than \$6,000 (\$5%), the
two groups from which
hockey draws most of its
fans. Nearly half the people
who watch the game positively
want violence.

A high proportion of Cana-
dians also want tight mari-
tane. Last August police in
Hamilton, Ontario, seized the
Canadian-made film *Colossus
O' Sex* which contains
five-letter words and male
orgasms. Two of the producers
were recently convicted on
charges of obscenity. Anyone
who agrees with the police

action, thus upholding the view that politicians are the proper instigators of premeditated violence, might be surprised to learn that 53% of Canadians would approve of a movie scene showing a movie female in a shower.

Clearly, English Canadians have much to learn about perceived sensitiveness within their own way of life. What's more dangerous is our lack of understanding about non-Anglo-Saxon attitudes. There can be any comprehension about the attitudes of Canadians that the French-speaking group would be more likely

to start a civil war than the English themselves. The truth is, for many English (34%) believe civil war is justified. (Note: French (32%) marry English Canadians, involving Montreal's frequent bombings and bank robberies for a Quebec-wide phenomenon, would probably be the best French are more fond of gun than are the English. In fact only 4% of French Canadians say guns should be available to everybody, 10% of English Canadians are interested in it.)

Public attitudes to violence reflect similar attitudes within

the province of the freely. There's a much closer relationship between law and violence in English families than in French, says Martin Goldfarb. "English Canadians are used to accept the mapping of emotional bonds — parents fighting or not speaking to each other — as a fairly natural occurrence. The French do not. In other words, English Canada is more inclined to see conflict as a part of life."

Susan Goldfarb says not like the picture presented by this report. Seeing ourselves as we really are rather than

as we wish we were is always painful. But as Goldfarb's surprise his findings, it would be dangerous for us to some time living with our delusions. "The whole stuff of violent emotion has just below the surface of our society," he says. "All the protest built up, there are myriads. The riot at St. George's University, the rampage after the Kew State protest parade in Toronto, the tough tactics of the Montreal auto-rickshaw drivers and again of the same. We're always living in the rain of a volcano." — DOUGLAS MATHIAS

MACLEAN'S GOLDFARB REPORT

What is the meaning of family fights?

Many Canadians believe that a family quarrel can affect family life. As the table below shows, nearly half the people believe that a mother and son argue over her standing in a social demonstration after 30 years' friendship with an opponent is a natural part of domestic life. Says Goldfarb: "This is a clear indication that people generally feel that a child's social grades are the business of the parent. The parent wants to lead that child accountable for his performance. The spirit that springs from this debate is an extension of love."

Among English Canadians income level plays an important role in the declaration of love with earlier levels of conflict. For example, 48% of

people making between \$10,000 and \$20,000 a year said that a mother and father fighting over a son's use of the car showed evidence of love. Only 25% of people making less than \$5,000 a year said such a fight to show love. Since poor people are less likely to have lessons within the family as signs of love, says Goldfarb. Their personal relationship, however, are probably less likely to be seen as a family fight to show love.

Attitudes about whether or not violence is natural vary widely by age, geographical area, education and income. The people most likely to regard a civil war as a natural development are those aged 25-34 (40%), with some university education (45%). A fa-



ther and a mother not speaking to each other is considered most unusual among French-speaking Quebecers (33%). A high proportion of people aged 45-54 (47%) see talking unusual in a married couple's not speaking in the same bed after an argument. However, only 25% of the more romantic sons and daughters, people aged 25-34, think it is natural to carry quarrels that far. Goldfarb concludes from

these figures that there is a few amount of casual bickering sometimes leading to the fight, going on daily in the average middle class. Eng-lish-speaking home. Most educated families do people are able to perceive this bickering as being merely or easily an expression of love. But it indicates the degree to which violent drops into the raw the pattern of our lives, and is a symptom of the continued increase the divorce rate.

Can we bridge the gulf between our two cultures?

One area of common ground between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians is revealed by the Golden Report is tolerance. Roughly the same proportion of each group believe that biculturalism should be wide open to everybody. This reflects a general similarity of views about public displays of sex. For instance, while the French (32%) are more likely than the English (41%) to approve of a movie scene showing a nude couple in bed, the cultural attitudes are reversed when it comes to coexisting in public areas.

There are, however, profound differences between the two cultures in their attitudes

to violence and family life. For instance, here's a breakdown into language groups of the people who think the following things should be said or shown without restriction:

	ENG %	FR %
War isn't	38	13
War moves	47	35
War scenes on TV	50	29
Violence in French Canadian (11%) believe violence is at ways bad while only 26% of English Canadians think so.		
And although 63% of the French reject the suggestion that both violence and love are needed for a healthy family relationship, a majority of English (52%) accept it.		

"French-speaking Canadians are clearly more emotional and desire close family relationships," says Goldfarb. "These differences in attitude to violence made and outside



the family itself affect life styles and choices of professions. They help explain why, after understanding the other culture, we may find more than just the attitudes of English-speaking Quebecers are gradually being influenced by the French outlook on life.

PARENTS NOT SLEEPING IN SAME BED AFTER ARGUMENT

	NATURAL %	NOT NATURAL %
Total English respondents	39	60
English respondents in Quebec only	20	72
Total French respondents	21	78

Is it wrong to show passion in public?

Canadians tend to think that physical expressions of love are most proper in the home on that legendary seal of romance, the public bench. It is a heated car and at the back of a movie theatre. People over 55 are far more prudish than

the younger generation. In the older age group, for instance, 86% think kissing in a public car is wrong while 55% of those under 25 find it perfectly proper. Says Goldfarb: "An older couple's greater yearning and affection for the younger generation is not always expressed in the same way. It is the older couple who feel about 40% of the time in the street it is significant that 96% of us

think it is wrong to show passion in public. The older age group, for instance, 86% think kissing in a public car is wrong while 55% of those under 25 find it perfectly proper. Says Goldfarb: "An older couple's greater yearning and affection for the younger generation is not always expressed in the same way. It is the older couple who feel about 40% of the time in the street it is significant that 96% of us

IS EXPRESSING LOVE (HOLDING HANDS, KISSING) PROPER ON/IN:

	YES %	NO %
Public bench	61	38
Street	36	64
Living room	96	4
Staircase	27	73
Public theatre	55	45
Parade car	61	38
None of these	2	98

Should war toys and sex shows be banned?

A curious response emerges from the table below: nearly half of all Canadians believe war toys should be banned, but only one quarter feel that sex shows should be banned. We seem aware of the dangers of our changing violence in children but less ready to deny the low level emotions in ourselves. Also significant are the re-



sponses to violence and sex. People tend to find most of the things of violence in children but less ready to deny the low level emotions in ourselves. Also significant are the re-

Who should teach us how to love?

Most people think the home (50%) and the school (37%) are the right places for children to learn what is and is not acceptable love. Only 37% mentioned the church and 12% and friends should be the explaining. These findings underline the declining role of the churches. Perhaps the reason for this is that 26% of people think religion promotes violence as well as love and 5% believe religion leads only to violence.



DO YOU THINK EACH OF THE FOLLOWING HAS OVERTONES OF LOVE OR VIOLENCE, BOTH OR NEITHER?

	LOVE %	VIOLENCE %	BOTH %	NEITHER %	NATURAL %	NOT NATURAL %
Mother and son arguing over standing in school	48	4	20	26	90	10
Mother and father fighting over son's use of car	32	11	25	36	82	17
Sister and brother not speaking	15	17	24	42	70	29
Civil war	3	79	12	6	36	63
Parents not sleeping in same bed after an argument	10	22	24	43	35	65
Mother and father not speaking	16	22	28	33	50	48

What makes a healthy family?

Many Canadians apparently believe family relationships are phony if they are based entirely on love. The attitude is particularly common among English Canadians. The population is evenly divided on the

question of whether there is a need for both violence and love in a healthy family. Half are saying yes and 49% saying no. And nearly half the people questioned (49%) believe the family environment is best when there is some violence and love. Some sample comments:

□ "When you love your children in a loving home a few arguments don't matter. Never let them say 'I hate you'." (A labourer in Montreal)

□ "Any child in a spoiled state who has not had a normal family life that included a lot of violence will grow up as a lawbreaker when faced

the world on its own." (A young Vancouver executive)

□ "I'm sure there is no violence, somebody is holding up an ax with it is bad for a healthy family." (A nurse from Winnipeg)

□ "People need violence to see if they love each other." (A grandmother in Quebec City)

SHOULD EACH OF THE FOLLOWING BE RESTRICTED, NOT SOLD OR SHOWN, OR AVAILABLE TO EVERYBODY IN CANADA?

	RESTRICTED %	NOT SOLD %	FOR EVERYBODY %	NO COMMENT %
Burlesque	96	9	31	2
Queer	97	24	6	—
Gun toys	36	42	29	1
War scenes	42	16	42	—
Sex movies	64	12	19	—
Sex pictures in magazines	31	13	31	—
Magazines with nude pictures	32	25	22	—
Sex on TV	39	14	46	1
Smoking scenes	54	14	31	—
Government sponsored violence	33	7	69	1



Are we ready for nudes on TV?

People generally find intimate physical relationships more acceptable in a movie, where admission can be controlled to some extent, than on the home TV screen that a significant number (31%) are ready to accept nudes on television as well. Why is society becoming less inhibited? "It has to do with increasing affluence and more education," says Goldfarb. "At the lower end of the

income scale, only 36% approve of nudes in movies. But 54% of the people in the \$35,000 range find their acceptable. Affluence gives people a desire for personal freedoms. The well-educated and well-to-do have faith in their ability to run the show. The less affluent and less educated are more prepared to accept that whoever is in authority knows what's best."



WOULD YOU APPROVE OF THESE EXPRESSIONS OF LOVE

	IN A MOVIE?			ON TELEVISION?		
	YES %	NO %	N.E. %	YES %	NO %	N.E. %
Female masturbator kissing a male	77	22	1	66	34	1
Nude female in shower	53	47	—	30	69	1
Nude male and nude female swimming	49	51	—	23	68	1
Male and female nude in bed	42	57	1	26	74	1
Self-stimulated male behind-up female	20	79	1	13	85	2

Do we enjoy seeing violence?

People are generally reluctant to admit they like seeing violence. But the chart below suggests that many people certainly enjoy it. Analysis of this chart, says Goldfarb, indicates that poorer people can't be as concerned about conflict as those who are better off. Almost all (92%) those making between \$10,000 and \$12,000 are disturbed by pictures of

war massacres. Of the people making less than \$6,000 only 70% react negatively to such pictures. Goldfarb explains: "People in the lower income groups are pragmatic about conflict. They are less inclined to say violence is a basic human need but they are also less timid about witnessing it. Violence is something they live with."



WHICH OF THE FOLLOWING DO YOU OR DO YOU NOT LIKE TO SEE?

	DON'T LIKE TO SEE %	LIKE TO SEE %	NO COMMENT %
Fighting at a hockey game	63	35	1
War-massacre pictures	92	17	—
Guaylord shooting on TV	75	25	—
Picture of war in Vietnam	81	17	2
Two women fighting physically on TV	82	17	1

Who are the most violent people in our society?

A majority of Canadians believe that violence is worse in some ways in a basic human need 15% are convinced of this. A breakdown by income groups has taken at night shows that people in

the \$10,000 to \$12,000 bracket have violence most among. They make up the group Goldfarb calls "the shivers" in contemporary society, wage earners aggressively trying to get ahead in the world. They view life as a tough dog-eat-dog



dog struggle, in which some violent behavior is necessary for survival. A sampling of Canadians confirms this. "People need violence, especially in 1970. They have to fight to get what they want." (A young Montreal cartoonist.)

DO YOU THINK VIOLENCE IS A BASIC HUMAN NEED?

INCOME	AGREE STRONGLY %		AGREE SOMEWHAT %		DISAGREE %
	YES	NO	YES	NO	
under \$6,000	16	80	40	44	
\$6,000-10,000	10	90	46	44	
\$10,001-12,000	14	86	38	38	
\$12,000-14,000	14	25	45	41	
over \$14,000	21	49	49	30	

When is love immoral?

The vast majority of Canadians believe love is never immoral. Most of those who have reservations think that love becomes immoral when the sex act is forced. "The responses to this question also pointed up the fundamental differences in the attitudes of men and women," notes Goldfarb. "Despite women's progress toward equality, it is evident that women's attitudes are different. In this instance, women are inclined to say love is immoral when other people get hurt. The men are much more selfish and subordinated the feelings of others."

- Some sample answers:
- "When you cheat on your spouse." (A middle-aged housewife in Downsview, Ont.)
 - "If it is done in front of children or in public." (A young Montreal scientist)
 - "When erotic love is prostituted immorally." (A watch man in Saint John, N.S.)
 - "I can never see love as immoral in any way." (A young Vancouver woman)
 - "If it is immoral, it is not love." (A young Vancouver man)
 - "When two men or two women are together." (A female truck driver, Vancouver)
 - "When it is sold." (A Montreal manufacturer)
 - "It all depends on the class, the character and the attitude." (A retired Quebec farmer)
 - "When it is only sexual." (A Quebec City grandmother)

Just Mention Big George And Little George...

...and any yachtsman, anywhere, knows you mean Cuthbertson and Cassian

Sailors call them *Cumbersome and Casual*. In a little frame house in Port Credit, Ontario, they design the yachts that win some of the world's classic races. They're not cumbersome at the drawing board; they're not casual about the near \$4 million sale of *C and C Yachts* they expect this year.

BY MURRAY BURT
of the Toronto Globe and Mail



SOME 15,000 SPORTSMEN GATHERED last week watching sailboats race was only a little less dazzling than watching prize fights, and he had a point. As a spectator sport, yacht racing probably ranks a notch above chess and a notch below better tennis, and this is one reason why, when a Canadian scores an extraordinary triumph in this flamboyant competitive, international sport, most of us never even hear about it.

Moreover, Canadians learn at their earliest lessons that no sport is worth missing about if it does not feature spraying, slipping, toppling on the quarterback's arm knee, the elbow

crash to the mouth of one's own and undisciplined acts of bloodletting. In view of all this, we can hardly be expected to get all worked up over the merits of predicting for the windward spot on the starting line, the extreme tactical intricacies of the duel on the number leg or, as they say in racing circles, luffing somebody up. Here are our sports page likely to trumpet Canada's national pride in two guys named George who make their living by designing racing boats. No water here, good they are at it. All of which may help to explain why it is that, when you're a man about without yourself, you have

Losing a race can be as bad as a stock-market crash for yachting designers. Offshore racing can make or break a company. To win, you have to be ruthless. To stay at the top, you have to design boats like Red Jacket

very likely never heard of George Cathbertson and George Casson

Cathbertson and Casson are currently proving themselves the hottest designers of big racing yachts in North America, and possibly in the world. Their designs have been picking up top trophies in virtually all the offshore-racing waters of North America, and now they're making stellar inroads in Britain, Scandinavia, the Mediterranean and South America. A dockmaster in Lucerne, a stakeholder in Turin, a multimillion yachtsman in Miami, the fellow who runs the marina in San Diego — you mention Big George and Little George to any one of them, and he'll know whom you're talking about. Moreover, in fewer than 10 years, the two Georges have, with their associates, taken a small design and brokerage business in a random house in West Credit, Ontario, and turned it into Canada's biggest yacht-building company, a thriving conglomerate that involves Cathbertson and Casson with three large pleasure-boat manufacturers in a new company called C & C Yachts Ltd. The year, C & C Yachts experts sales approaching four million dollars. That's a lot of bread and, therefore, even for those who are no more interested in yacht racing than they are in, say, football, Cathbertson and Casson are probably worth knowing about.

Cathbertson is Big George. He's 41, six-foot-four, and he weighs 220 pounds. He has a crewcut, his nose is large, and he looks like a freshwater fish on his day off. Casson, on the other hand, most certainly goes down in Little George. That's because he's only six feet tall and weighs only 170 pounds. In his casual standing, relaxed way, Casson reminds you of an academic, perhaps a professor of middle-European languages. He plays guitar, wears his black hair long, and has been known to step aboard someone's yacht in a pretty rowdy pair of belted bottoms. Yachting people by tradition are a conservative bunch, and Casson inspires a fair number of racial remarks about "the happy yacht designers."

When it comes to yachting, sailing and the yacht business may be even calmer and more profane than, say, golf and the golf business. Cathbertson is not only Big George, he's also Cuthbertson. Casson is not only Little George, he's also Casson. Get it? C & C Yachts.

Oh well, the thing to remember is that, regardless of their monikers, the two Georges click together in an uncanny way, and this has moved their flexible little firm to the very top of one of the most ruthless markets in

sailing industries on the continent.

The yachtsman is simple. It derives not from the character of the people who design and build these powerfully graceful and sometimes incredibly expensive craft but, rather, from the nature of the whole game itself. If you build racing yachts and they do not win very many races, then you won't be building racing yachts very long. To a yachting yacht designer, such concerns as labor trouble, the international bank rate, the stock-market index, or the price of gold in Switzerland may all turn out to be far less important than what's happening way out on the horizon where the finish line of the Bermuda, Cuthbertson and Casson's share of North America's million-dollar pleasure-craft market runs almost entirely on the offshore performance of boats they've designed in the last half dozen years.

At the moment, if your average Canadian sports fan has heard of any C & C yacht at all, she is probably the Montreal Lac September, in the very pretty competition for the ancient Canada's Cup. Montreal hosted the American yacht Niagara in three consecutive races. Both yachts had been designed specifically for the Canada's Cup series and, in view of the competition, Cathbertson and Casson might be forgiven if MacLure's unconcerned triumph gave them a few sweet moments of gloating. Niagara had come from the drawing board of Glen Stephens, of Spaulding and Stephens Inc. of New York. Stephens has designed all but one winner of yachting's most famous trophy, the America's Cup, upon World War II. Three of them: He is a kind of maverick God of yacht design. True, MacLure's Canadian crew did win the last brilliantly, but Cathbertson did, oh, oh, oh. That's the no one in the business is good as Glen Stephens. Or something like that. Yet George and Casson had designed a boat that beat Glen Stephens' team, and they'd beaten her three straight. And these could severely have been one well-heeled design-racing developer in the whole world who did not like about it.

Before MacLure, in 1964, there was Red Jacket. Cathbertson and Casson designed Red Jacket for a wealthy Toronto construction executive named Perry Connolly. Connolly gave them a pretty first hand with the 40-footer and they replied him by doing a boat that, in her first season on Lake Ontario, earned 11 wins in 13 starts. Connolly felt pretty good about that sail, in 1968, he took Red Jacket down to the subaquatics for the South Sea Ocean Racing Conference. It's one to win races on Lake Ontario,

and the competition can be very hot there, but, still, if you're talking about ocean-going sailboats, the lakes will always be a hot bush, and the South Sea Ocean Racing Conference is the big league.

Each year, there are hundreds of offshore-racing events, among boats that are handicapped by computer-paging formulas, to prove which boat is the fastest and the best-suited over a given course. These are the races that make, and sometimes break, an outfit such as Cathbertson and Casson. Like model-builders, C & C watch the fortunes of the boats they've designed, in most of both long coasts. A Niagara 27 was in California. A Redline 41 won in Florida. A Crusader as a kind wing won on the Great Lakes. A Northwest is home test of Halifax. Cathbertson and Casson now have 18 production designs for boat-building firms in Canada, the United States, Britain, Italy, Germany and Argentina, and every time one of their wins it's one more victory for the company. But the big one was Red Jacket's performance at the Southern Ocean Racing Conference.

There are scores of offshore-racing events in Long Island Sound, there's the celebrated Bermuda race, there are campaigns all British Columbia, there's the trans-Pacific from Los Angeles to Honolulu, and there are at least a dozen other important offshore conferences. But, each year, the first one to push the attention of the industry, and of the fans with the sort of scruffy intensity to buy one of these craft, is the Southern Ocean Racing Conference. That's where all the previous month's driving-board meeting over primitive coefficients, wetted surfaces, ratios of sail plan, and things, rather than of flags is a horrible way. The SOIRC is the ultimate tropical test tank for designers, sailors, owners, riggers and sailmakers. For the past.

It's a series of six races around the coast of Florida, and it starts each January and runs into March, winding up in Nassau. You cannot win the SOIRC without leaving anywhere from 60 to 90 of the cockpit, best designed, best sailed, fastest-racing yachts in North America. And that is exactly what Red Jacket did. She's the only boat from outside the United States ever to win the SOIRC.

So far as their personal lives are concerned, Cathbertson and Casson have found there are certain mild advantages in quick fame. Like most sports that are almost exclusively participatory — no one ever goes out to help you to see a yacht race unless he's another yachtsman in another yacht — without racing is a tight, intimate,



Canada's Cup winner Mardou (above) earned racing fame for C & C



designs, which include the Canadian-built Niagara 27 (below).



boats such as Victoria (above) and Euxine Phoenix (below)



poetry, extremely cheery company. You've probably never heard of either George but if you owned a yacht, or you crowd bar one, or even if you are thinking of buying one, tell them you happened to see one of the Georges at, say, a cocktail party why, it would be as though you were a golf fanatic, and one night Arnold Palmer politely asked himself over for dinner. You'd slip right over there and start to bag George because George would surely know how to make your boat float a little faster than she does now, and maybe he'd even like to crew for you next Sunday afternoon.

Actually, George wouldn't. George Cairns is going to knock around the house on Sunday afternoon. He's going to play a little Spanish guitar. Dave and his two kids, and their German Shepherd bitch, are going to play a little tennis or squash. He's going to take his gleaming new, red, low-high Formula Ford out for a few laps at Wapport, or somewhere. But his duty he is now going to do on Sunday afternoon is get out a sand-bowl with you, a perfect stranger. If he does so, it will be as "one of the boys" on a particular boat that's been campaigned all season. Last year, after chaps as cup defender, that was Martin.

And George Cuthbertson is unlikely to be going sailing with you, either, although he does acknowledge a limited obligation to sail with some customers. About five years ago, George Cuthbertson first began to feel the difficulties involved in building a career on the requirement of other men's pleasures. He and his wife lived in a two-room apartment near the harbor in the Cracks, where they had inherited one of a drifing and business office. The house had a Cuthbertson-and-Cairns steeple outside, very pretty strangers to their

Cuthbertson took down the steeple and, not long after that, the Cuthbertsons moved to an 800-square-foot, two-room bungalow near the Credit River and, now, one of the things he does when he is not going sailing with strangers is park around the house in an extremely impudic way. The place has blossomed into a 3,000-square-foot house (see left).

It's been some time since either George felt he had to go sailing with a prospective client. It's not that they don't like sailing, it's just that the whole sport becomes less than a sport when you wrangle with it as part of your livelihood. Now they own only yachts men they know and like and,



in Quiver, Ont., a dust dunder paints a picture of C & C hull before the selection. As frequently happens, these men are also making a gleaming new C & C yacht, well that's okay, too. Both men have been hooked on sailboat racing since their teens and it is always pleasant to meet men who've turned a recreational passion into an extraordinarily successful business.

Cuthbertson was drawing winships and drawboats, to make, by the time he was 10 and, shortly after that, he was a junior design assistant from Boatswain magazine. At 14 he was winning races in Bristol Beach, the junior training boat for Toronto's Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He remembers the Bristol Beers as 15 feet long, very heavy, very slow, shaped like a box pointed at one end. "The seat of boat that could not help but inspire thoughts of better design. Anyway, in the years that followed, Cuthbertson graduated from the University of Toronto as a mechanical engineer, and then he went working as a sales engineer for a hull-bearing company, but he could never seem to get very far away from sailboats.

He went into partnership with a friend in a yacht brokerage and improvement business. They produced about 50 spunky little boats called Water Kats and, in the meantime, one of the best Cuthbertsons was cranking up top winning forms was an elderly eight metre named Venture II. The eight metre was long, sleek, beautifully slender — the rich last cousin of the big wooden racing cruises on Lake Ontario. This one was owned by Norman Walsh, of Toronto, and — with

David Howard, the current co-owner of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club at the helm, and Big George among the crew — did beat the Americans at Rochester in 1954 to secure the Canada's Cup in the RCYC for the first time in half a century. By then, Cuthbertson had had a taste of deep-sea sailing. In 1953, he'd helped to deliver the 70-foot auxiliary ketch *Mir* from Stockholm to Toronto.

He had proved he could tame and reward sailing yachts. Now, he needed the chance to design a boat that would win races and reputations. Norman Walsh, owner of Venture II, gave it to him. He asked Cuthbertson to design for him a 54-foot yawl. The design work started in the fall of 1955, and it involved 40 drawings. The construction contract was let early in 1957 and the boat herself, *Invictus*, was delivered in midsummer of 1958. During construction, Cuthbertson and Walsh would visit the builder every Thursday.

A dozen years ago, a week's progress in yacht construction meant that perhaps four or five methodically shaped planks had been fastened to the framing members of the hull. Today, as the new one of the fiber-glass production boat, one of the yacht-building firms associated with C & C Yachts Ltd. turn out six finished boats every week.

Cairns grew up near the western Toronto lakeshore and, as a teen-ager, began to knock about in an old 16-foot dinghy at the Toronto Sailing and Canoe Club. Later he completed a series of better one-day design classes — Lightnings, Disques, 5.5s — and he slowly came to be regarded as one of those with whatever special touch it takes to make one sailboat go better than another. Cairns graduated from Toronto's Central Technical High School and, since the future looked bright in aircraft design, he went to work on the Arrow Arrow project. When that collapsed or, rather, when the customer collapsed, Cairns became one of thousands of highly skilled refugees from Aero to the job market. His interest in the reorganization of mechanical things had deepened but, for a while, he had to commute to Detroit to sell his skills. Then, in 1939, he joined George Cuthbertson.

They seemed to get along, their skills were mutually complementary, they both knew the importance of making people, and in 1961 they incorporated as a partnership. It was a good idea and — off whatever the great, (usual) gliding and white-winged basins of deep-sea racing lagged to be getting — it looks better all the time. □

Guaranteed rust-proof, rain-proof and moth-proof.



Or your money back.



Lost cash is a lost vacation. But lose your Bank of America Travelers Cheques and you get a quick refund. Anywhere in the world. And for the full amount. This money-back guarantee comes with every purchase—together with the promise that you can cash them wherever you travel. Money-back money is sold by leading banks everywhere and it's backed by the world's largest bank. Ask for it by name: Bank of America Travelers Cheques.

7 important things every snowmobile should have.

3.

Every snowmobile should have a suspension system like ours. Moto-Ski's trail action suspension system is made with special shock absorbers called bogie wheels. bogie wheels are made with extra strong rubber and heavy rivets. Together they give you a smoother ride. And when you think of it, that's a pretty good idea. Because what's better than riding into trouble or running over it?

2.

Every snowmobile should have a track like ours. It's made of rubber and steel cleats, covered to hold case vulcanized rubber. It's clear it makes you easily replace it. Which costs you about \$40. If the track wears out, it costs you nothing. Moto-Ski gives you a full two year guarantee on one cylinder models and a one year guarantee on two cylinder models. The longest in the business. So if anything happens, we get stuck, not you.

1.

Every snowmobile should have a body like ours. Moto-Skis are heavy gauge steel with aluminum tubing for reinforcement. The body consists of seven parts, all of them welded into place. So when you buy your machine in one piece, you can expect it to stay that way.

There's a simple way to find out if a snowmobile can take it in the winter. Test it in the summer.

We take the Moto-Ski out on the roughest terrain we can find and put it through its paces. All summer long.

So that if anything isn't right, we find out about it. Not you.

When we've got all the bugs out, we start production. We make five models in all.

4.

Every snowmobile should have safety features like ours. Moto-Skis have nylon seat straps for your passengers to hold on to, a motor that'll switch itself off just before it should be — on the handle bars, strong safety bumpers, storage to prevent side pipe, a large tail light, dependable brakes, speakers, tachometers (which tell you how well the motor is running) and sets of thick shock absorbing foam rubber. Of course, it takes longer to build a machine this way. But we would rather spend a little more time working on our machine than have someone spend a little time working on you.

5.

Every snowmobile should have headlights like ours. Moto-Skis have two of them. So that if one burns out, you won't be left in the dark. You'll still have the other headlight, and every other light on your machine. We didn't stop there. After we perfected the lighting system, we found a way to make it a little better. We covered both head lights with a solid piece of strong protective plastic. You, maybe other snowmobilers should have all these things. Then they might be as safe as a Moto-Ski.

6.

Every snowmobile should have a steering system like ours. Moto-Ski's steering works on the ball and socket principle. Each part working together to let you change your direction whenever you want. Safely. We can't take all the credit for this special invention. Cats have been using it for years.

7.

Every snowmobile should have control cables like ours. Moto-Ski cables are the famous type. The kind cops use. Which means they're less likely to break up and leave you in the cold.



The economical Mini-Ski and Capri for people who want a lot of machine, without spending a lot of money. The husky Zephyr, the Grand Prix and the MS 1B, for people who want a lot more machine without paying a lot more money.

But the cost of buying a Moto-Ski is only part of the beauty. Owning one is just as easy.

You could save a lot of money every year on repairs.

In fact, you might call having a Moto-Ski a long term savings plan.

The longer you own it, the richer you get.



MOTO-SKI
We're tougher 7 ways.

cheaper lands, but MPs still have a powerful say in who gets the trucking contracts, and they still use it to help their friends.)

There is surprisingly little the Postmaster General can do to protect commitments, to set right the costly mistakes. He cannot meet the demands of the unions, since their wages and working conditions are set by the Treasury Board. And since that body is determined to hold the line on wages, the unions have to accept pocket lists before negotiations even begin; he cannot hire his own people, since that is done through the Public Service Commission, he cannot move quickly to automatic handling techniques (the average letter is handled 64 times under present systems) because the unions will object, and he cannot raise postage rates to cover costs without going to Parliament, where — as he has recently learned — everyone objects. He doesn't even control the buildings his staff works in, because they come under the jurisdiction of Public Works. Kearns explained: "We don't build what we have to, we build what we have to make the money. In short, he is required to provide a service with little or no

control over the volume of production, the price, the wages and working conditions of his employees, or even the physical facilities they are required to use. The wonder is not that the postal service works badly, but that it works at all.

About 70% of the cost of running the Post Office is made up in wages, where most is as negotiable as the rest, and the Postmaster must meet that just demand, and the challenge of an ever-increasing work load, with a staff that is, in large measure, old, undereducated and unresponsive to change. Of all the employment categories in the department, 55% are over 50—compared to 13% under 40 — and only 16% have a university education. Nearly all are survivors of decades of life as a satisfying job-matching system. For instance, the postmaster of Prince Albert, Sask., instructs most air officers for permission to spend more than \$10 on a first-class ticket, or \$50 on furniture repairs. Below his management layer is a work force that is lousy because of what happened in Spain years ago.

"They have a lot to answer for," one multi-faceted postal worker told me. "I can remember days when I

came home at night after standing 14 hours at a sorting table, with blood in my shoes. I can remember how slow pace of never seeing my last on Christmas Day because we had to work, and we worked so hard that we just went home and flopped into bed. I can remember working nights and weekends, and not for overtime, either, just one hour off for every extra hour worked — at the boss's convenience. You don't forget things like that."

Some time ago, the Post Office completed a workload measurement for every mail walk in Canada; it took into account the number of steps to every doorstep, the number of stairs and hills in every walk, even the time of letter that is every house in the land. Each of these factors was given a time value (1.24 minutes to walk 26 steps on level ground, 89 minutes to open a door, 13 minutes to put a letter in an apartment mailbox, and so on), and from these values a new system of equalization walks was fashioned. The postal union was suspicious of the new system so union officials were taken on a tour of 52 sample routes — chosen by the union — to show them that it did, in fact,

work. At the end of the tour, a union spokesman told Bernard Lockman, who helped design the system: "I see it, but I don't believe it. There's got to be a catch in it somewhere." Lockman asked: "How the hell can we work together when we feel like this?"

Certainly not is not the most obvious trait of postal employees. The department has productivity standards, modest enough to have been accepted by the postal unions, and the average performance in the 14 days across Canada ranges between 56% and 83% of these standards.

Kearns says he has an answer to all these problems: the same answer trotted up by the recent study and repeated in the recent Post Office White Paper. Run the mail service over to a crown corporation. This corporation would be freed of banking bureaucracy, able to control its own financing, run its own labor policy and, with the help of a postal-union consortium, set its own prices. If Toronto needed a \$10-million, 10th building facility — as it has for years — the Post Office would not have to wait until the government had decided to call off security or tax out of other priorities in order to get it built. The project

would be financed either as it was needed, by a government-backed loan that would be repaid out of income, it would never appear in the federal budget. This crown corporation would pay its own way.

But why should the Post Office pay its own way? "Because 80% of our business is commercial," said Kearns, "and with every deficit in the Post Office, you're subsidizing business. Why should the guy who mails one letter a week — and that's the average per family in Canada — pick up the tab for what is basically a non-commercial proposition? If we have money to spare, let's spend it on health, or education, or welfare, and not on buying stamps for firms that can afford their own?"

Efficiency is to be the watchword for the new crown corporation. Kearns contends, but this may be an attempt of wishfulness in his bold reforms plan. Does he mean efficient like those other crown corporations, the C.N.C. or the Companies of Canada? "God no," said Kearns. He admitted that you making a government department into a corporation won't make it efficient. "The whole thing has to be restructured."

Not is it easy to see how the transfer matters would improve labor relations: the unions would be able to bargain more directly with management, but they would be removed from the shelter of civil service security, and they are already oily about the increased mechanization Kearns says is coming whether he puts his crown corporation or not. Finally, the crown company would not bring the price of postage down, a major reason for the change would be to allow the Post Office to adjust its rates more quickly to meet increased costs.

But competition starts would do two things that badly need doing; it would give the Post Office the flexibility it must have to meet its ever-increasing work load, and it would break the pattern of patronage, class and loyalty that threatens to strangle the service today. The new company would probably not deliver a letter from Toronto to Vancouver any faster than it means now, indeed, it might not come as fast. What it would do, if Kearns is right, is to guarantee that the letter would come in Vancouver when the Post Office said it would.

And that, in many mailmen's view, truly, would be something.



THIS is what you hire for the price of a 6-cent stamp

Mailing is hard to do, especially if it is not quite so simple as you can see by following the track of a rat. I sent recently from New Brunswick, to a friend in Ottawa for my last post stamp. I enlisted the services of one car, two planes, two freight, four post offices, and more than a score of civil servants and private contractors, who used my postage nearly 500 miles to send my two days, despite one delay of nearly 24 hours.

MONDAY

9:45 A.M. (ADP) Letter addressed to Mrs. J. Miller, 295 Martin Avenue, Ottawa 7 is posted in the rural route mailbox of Ted Marshall, outside the town of St. Andrews, New Brunswick. 10:20 A.M. Rural route contractor Donald Hynes collects letter. 10:58 A.M. Hynes arrives at St. Andrews post office. 11:23 A.M. Stamp is cancelled, letter carried via Saint John air bag. Scheduled with other mail going north for Ottawa. 5:13 P.M. Highway dispatcher who sends the air-planes picks up mail for Saint John.

5:52 P.M. Truck arrives Saint John post office, mail is unloaded and sorting begins. 7:13 P.M. Ottawa air bag arrives. It drops off bag marked Flight 305 — Ottawa. 8:20 P.M. Ottawa air bag is sorted, prepared for shipment. 8:40 P.M. Day contractor picks up mail for export. 9:05 P.M. Contractor delivers Ottawa bag to Air Canada freighter. 10:48 P.M. Flight 305 arrives Saint John for Montreal. 11:25 P.M. (EST) Flight 305 arrives Montreal. Ottawa air bag is delivered to Flight 515 for Ottawa.

TUESDAY

1:05 A.M. Flight 515 leaves Montreal. 3:30 A.M. Flight 515 arrives Ottawa. It is met by day mail contractor. 4:30 A.M. Contractor leaves airport for Ottawa post office. 7:20 A.M. Contractor arrives post office, bags are opened, changed. 7:30 A.M. First-class postage bag. Saint John arrives on surface floor. 6:00 A.M. By day my letter should have been sorted and on its way to Vancouver sub-post office. But due to a backing up on the sorting table it isn't. 10:12 A.M. My letter is sorted into Ottawa 7 slot.

12:52 A.M. Letter is sorted into Ottawa 7 slot into slot for Walk 726 — postal driver J. F. Burrough's route. Because of the earlier delay, it stays there all day. WEDNESDAY 9:30 A.M. Mail for Walk 726 is put in mounted bags, stored in loading platform for Vincer sub-post office truck. 9:50 A.M. Contractor collects Vincer mail. 9:50 A.M. Contractor arrives Vincer post office, mail is distributed to certain sorting desks. 6:30 A.M. Postman Burrough arrives.

Begins sorting mail by street and number in order for his walk. 8:20 A.M. Burrough (inserting sorting tables mail for part of his route each day) — including my letter — is put out for delivery by truck to carrier home along the route. Burrough leaves for his walk by bus. 8:42 A.M. Contractor leaves Vincer post office with mail for carrier desks. 10:20 A.M. Burrough arrives carrier. Burrough and Contractor Burrough picks up Burrough mail including my letter. 10:48 A.M. Route Miller gets my letter in slot. Slot. Time elapsed: 48 hours. It is done.

To Find 'Peace' Doing Chores In An Island Commune?



Ted Sideras gave up more than that. His daughter (left) and 50 others followed him, to build a mansion — and a new life

BY ALAN EDMONDS
Photographs by Don Newlands

We left the Sideras Place after three days and taken the ferry from Nanaimo back to Vancouver. It was full of nice, normal people — women in pants and sweaters and men with bulging bellies and sports shirts and business suits and happy kids riding candy canes — and we couldn't stand it. We loved them — it, the outside — obscure, even ugly. So we paid three dollars for a private stateroom where there were no people, where there was no outside. We took a rotary course by reading that day's paper to maintain ourselves that Vietnam was still a mess, pollution had everyone worried sick and they were still walloping one another with hockey sticks in the NHL.

And I remembered George Orm, co-founder of the Sideras Place, saying "Once I went to a lot of old people and said, 'Look, you've lived most of your open and bare places, and are you now where you wanted to be when you began?' And you began? Was life what you wanted? All I got was tales of grief, troubles over society, lawsuits, rights over sexual opportunities. That's when I began wondering whether it was worth it — life, I mean. I don't wonder any more. For an hour, it is."

Before we went there, everything we'd heard about the Sideras Place was bad. In Vancouver, a government ethnologist and Ted Sideras was a Moslemist out who proved to be among us. A surgeon whose summer place is on the main island and the community had built a seven-foot fence around its land. The slipper of the ferry to the island — it's between Vancouver Island and the mainland — said that by all accounts they were a bunch of weirdos.

But there remained the enigma: the Sideras Place has survived and grown for four years, a long time for any getaway-freak-of-group even in British Columbia, Canada's commune country. It is a North American dream of 1970 to escape the city, flee the rat race and get closer to the reality of nature. The cackles who can afford it buy red-brick schoolhouses or farms outside the city and commute. Others start communes

Those who come with open minds usually stay. No demands are made or see them relaxing, relating to others, cutting trees. It's nifty to see'



involved culture of ancient Greece and Rome eventually produced a corruption of moral values, and hesitations up the Christian sources who rebelled against "idolatry" in solitary retreat in the deserts of Egypt was the source of the society — because they dramatized the prevailing disenchantment. Perhaps the Sedona Place is an example of a widespread rejection of today's "values" of world and all the irrational conflicts it has produced.

But if that is so, what does the Sedona Place have that enables it to survive and grow where other get-away-from-it-all communities fail? It was in hope of finding out why that photographer Don Newlands and I went there.

The wanderer who drove in 10 miles from forty dead to valley said he'd heard the Ageras crowd were building a big house and didn't welcome strangers. The improved road was rock-strewn with potholes and lined with sparse and fire and back except for occasional summer homes. Its easy to be isolated on those west-coast islands: the nearest neighbor (and phone) in the Sedona Place is a mile away.

The seven-foot timberposts turned out to be a three-barred stock fence about four feet high. The entrance had no door or guard, and the house is the first thing you see — a massive adobe-like mansion of stone masonry and half-painted with hand-applied stucco in shades, and set on the lowest of a series of knolls covered with moss and lichen and struggling brush, all framed, when we arrived, by the deep, dark green of the forest.

As we walked to the front door a girl stepped out. She was maybe 22, and beautiful the way country girls are supposed to be: no makeup, naturally curly hair, rosy cheeks, smiling. "Hi," she said. "I'm Dorothy." I said we wanted Ted Sedona and she said, "Oh, how 'You're just in time for lunch!" then led us to the house to a structure of bare timbers and branches covered in heavy

which rarely survive even old records. But the city now's down periods. When Toronto advertising man Alvin Cherrington called a meeting 18 months ago to enlist recruits for an identified community he proposed in BC, between 300 and 400 people turned up to hear his plea. Cherrington failed to get enough people to put cash where their dreams were. Even so, that was a big audience for a man who 10 years ago would have been called a stranger. Besides, even psychologists running group therapy programs — so-called sensitivity training seminars for airlines — find a real setting as part of the seasonal treatment.

Perhaps, then, we have come full circle from the beginnings of our farm of civilization around the fringes of the Neanderthals. The "idols," precisely

Sideras says his life is like gossamer—it vanishes if you try to touch it. Where he lives is secret



plates, once transparent but now weathered yellow, cracked in places and patched with sticky tape.

We doled a few chickens and went through the kitchen where wood-burning stoves were tended by more women like Penny, and then out into the dining area. There were perhaps 30 people there — boys, a couple of girls, but mostly men and women somewhere between 25 and 40. Some sat on benches in a 32-foot-to-tall, hard-taken frame.

Like Penny, everyone looked — well, laconic. They also looked intelligent, which isn't surprising since collectively the 40 adults there have more than 100 years of university education.

Ted Sideras sat at the head of the table. Ted Sideras — was washboard, muscular, hypotenuse not looking toward a seven-foot terrace? Hardly. Ted Sideras — going bald? In front, sleep discolored, creased, almost a dew from teeth-and-roughed face, looked by a microphone board "Hi," he said. "Hey, girls, have the lights around here left anything for these people to eat?"

So we ate homestead bread and steat, brought butter and cheese, introduced ourselves and began what I came to think of as The Sideras Semantics Session. What are you people doing here? Living, and loving it. What do you want — do you have some special philosophy or formula for living? What's philosophy? A philosophy is a category: and to us there aren't any. They're self-defeating. Well, are you the leader? Leader my eye. Everybody's their own leader. I just like to see much and I'm the oldest here, 48, so whenever anyone turns up like you, or a parent of one of the younger kids it gets left to me to try to explain what's happening. But there aren't words for it.

"We're not — 54 on the right one, I think, kids included — living in our own way without any hands, not trying to live the way twenty says we should. It's real risky. But, see, look, a word can be used as easily as it can reveal. Just stick

around. Just don't fall down any cliffs."

Two benches moved out of their room in the main house so we could stay there, while they slept in one of the tents. I had two seven-foot beds built of hand-cut timber, heavily softened by foam rubber mattresses, walls paneled with the ubiquitous hand-cut shingles, an air lamp. In the hall, school was in session. A dozen or so kids were being taught by the mother of two of them, a mother with a doctorate from Berkeley. The village school was so far away they had, she said, got permission to teach themselves.

Then Ed McClure, a 53-year-old graduate of Stanford University from Berkeley, Ontario, showed at the tent area, where most people then still lived. All are set up on wooden platforms, hidden among trees behind the house. Each has a supplementary plastic shelter, is equipped with two or more beds, a hand-made chest of drawers, a chair or two. The bigger kids, and McClure, were for families with kids. The others were either for couples or shared by two girls at one time.

One day with the youngest of his four children on his shoulders, his second wife, Gayle, and a struggle of advice along to an audience, Sideras walked by the house and talked.

"We've had about 1,000 people visit in the past four years," said Sideras. "A lot of them have been long-haired kids all dressed in beads and things. They come up with all this stuff about pot and herb and acid and ontology and the new morality and doing your own thing — which seems to be a rhetoric that gives everyone license to make everyone else miserable — and when they find that's not what we're all about they tell me, 'You don't know where it's at, man.' Well, they're not where it's at, either. What matters is people learning to be what they are without sweat, without hypocrisy, without having to be one up on the guy next door."



Wiscoville-horn, he had most recently lived in Medford, Oregon, where he ran a restaurant, an employment agency and a civil-engineering business. He appeared on the brink of making a great deal of money. A key employee and friend was George Orion and the two men spent the summer of 1966 discussing what life meant. Sideras gave up his businesses and the two men and their families — Orion, now 31, has two children — spent a year on Sideras' ranch. Their conclusion: "Basically we decided that a man is a man as he permits himself to be, not as society wants him to be."

So in May, 1967 they came to Canada to find a place and bought 80 acres of island. At first they lived in tents. Sideras' younger brother John joined them with his wife and three children. A couple of young students up tents nearby. By the summer of 1968 there were about 50, about half Americans, half Canadians. They came because a friend already there had written them, or because they'd heard about the Sideras Place in the scattered hippie newspapers and Canada. There were anthropologists, sociologists, a photographer, ex-hippies, fishermen, a welder, a dress designer. Outside they had been earning from nothing in around \$35,000 a year. But there wasn't a builder among them and so when the house was begun last year they learned to do it themselves, and built it from local rocks and trees.

"Most who come to us as just want to transmute themselves; but we haven't got something they haven't, and they don't understand it and go," said Sideras. "The ones who come with open minds to look — they usually stay. They don't have to pay anything or do anything. All they have to do is demand of any land are made on them, and you see them beginning to relax and start relating to the others and doing things they want to do and have to be done anyway — cooking or cutting down trees, or the laundry, or helping with the house. It's real risky to us."

The economy of the community is sustained by the capital brought by Sideras and Orion and by occasional contributions from newcomers. The major of a teenage boy arrived from California ready to take his home, and stayed — contributing a few more thousand dollars to the kids. "It's our home now," he says. They buy food cheaply in bulk from outside the forest. There is game on the island.

"I don't see how anyone can say we're going out, running away," said Sideras. "We're trying to build something, and that's a damn good word."

They were declared with the BC government to buy 540 adjoining acres as a lease purchase deal, which would be financed at first by capital and maybe later on by marketing their own produce.

They also planned to run a few cattle. They had about a few cows from that — a dairyman, a book on forestry, and an annual haberdashery and a couple of cookbooks. There were a few radios, but the batteries ran out and no one could enough to replace them.

At the cookhouse door anthropologist Peter Penny, a Stanford, quit in 1967 and the faculty to explain that in all formalized societies people were forced into ideologies because "we become what others want us to be." But at the Sideras Place "we see people as people, performers in themselves, and we don't demand anything of one another. We simply love one another for what we are. It was the answer we ever came to a specific answer to the question: what does the Sideras Place have that the others don't? And that there was Penny. "I was told to go to college to achieve, to fail myself and be happy. I tried that at three universities, and it didn't work. I tried home and got lost, and that didn't work either. I got married — my husband's a welder — and we were making an effort months ago my husband came up here and I followed, to get the marriage a second chance. What did I find? I don't know the words. Peace, I suppose. It's like being inside the life of some. The marriage? Oh, it's wonderful now."

Penny: They do seem to have it. They all fall back on the word to trying to explain their lives. They talk quietly, at length, through long silences, and though the children and live with their own parents they go happily and trustfully to any number of the Sideras "family."

What was the catch? Was Sideras simply giving people to develop all this land on their own? He made some demands. He explained that Magdalen, Clark and Sinclair, barristers and advocates of Newness, were presently setting up a co-operative that would own everything. All present residents would have a share in seasonal prices, perhaps a dollar, and newcomers could buy in only after they had lived with the group for a while. Taxes were low. The community could just go on growing.

What is your life like? I don't really know why Sideras and Orion and the "family" have happened here. I or my neighbors, I don't really know why, or the ferry. Newlands and he had to hide.

Ted Sideras said that he was a cynic until he realized that this was the only society he had created, which seemed strongly like the philosophy of those Christian mystics who rejected Gnostic Roman mysticism and went into desert solitude. Sideras also said of the way of life he and his "family" had found "It's a journey — where you try to touch it, define it, it vanishes."

That's why I haven't told you just where the island is. □

Vive la différence!

And what a delightful taste difference there is in Normandie, the only Canadian wines made from European grapes. Try Normandie White, a fine Canadian wine with a European taste or if you prefer, one of our fine Sherries or Ports You'll agree: "Vive la différence!"



Normandie

Canadian Wines from European grapes

TERRORIST *continued*

I was a silent, silent adolescent. Few had the privilege of my confidence or earned the right to share my inner debates. Mysteriously terrified, incapable of drawing a line between the serious and the absurd, not—those human problems to my agonies about the meaning of life and death in the plight of the French-speaking minorities of Western Canada (I didn't even know what Montreal!) — I sought refuge in literature.

At 16, I was a lonely adolescent who read books "beyond his years" and learned to dissociate music. My mother protected my solitude. I was the tenth of her sons. I was going to the seminary. I would no longer make a point of all that wet work in a few semesters.

I had hardly any real friends at the seminary. I lived too far from the group. I went to school in a dark room, then from tower to tower. I lived in study, but in my own way. I did what was necessary to pass exams, the rest of the time I read the books that pleased me. It was an eccentricity.

The seminary removed me from my background and my family. It prevented my being on an equal footing with worriers, some of my age. I was a student. I lived in books and knew nothing of life. I succeeded for a time to the temptations of drama. I became intricately conscious of my "difference." With some of my classmates I became a member of ACIC (Association of French-Canadian Youth) and with a very small number of them I was initiated into the OIC (Ordre of Jacques Cartier). I was getting out of the track. I must be a young man of promise because even if they had some doubts they had enough confidence in me to introduce me into the "nationalist mafia" stuff. They had doubts about me because they hardly knew what I thought. Because I wasn't really a "nationalist like the others."

The ACIC and OIC provided my first contacts with the nationalist crowd. But their nationalism seemed innocuous. I didn't find what I was looking for in their movement.

My family saw me more and more as a stranger. For my father particularly. I was progressively integrating myself with the "educated people" he loathed because he knew their propensity to profit from the consociated. Those who had spent childhoods cheated had, brutally shamed his hopes and attacked his dignity as a man, weren't they these "educated people"? Didn't they make much more than he with less work and sweat? Those educated people were the "big guys."

But, he was a "little guy."

My encephalitic attitudes as a student, my tastes in reading and music, my own concern — all that put me in the category of the "big guys." I became so close to my family I suffered from this, even as I was leaving the world of my childhood and the daunting illusion of belonging to the "class of the nation."

My last two years of study at Rimouski were a time of deep crisis. I was literally sickened by the severity, its corners, its curves and at times even its stardom. I took part more in the "parade" organized by the young people of my district. I didn't want to be the hermit I was in the process of becoming. I was divided. I took long enough to find my balance. But I had already decided that I would not be a new-rich, a social climber, a little bourgeois who has only contempt for what he has been and finds nothing better than to project his scorn for himself on to others. I would not get out of the mask alone. I would get out with the others, or damned well stay at it.

In June, 1960, I boarded the steamer N.B. McLean in old Rimouski Bay that spent the summer in Hudson Bay and then returned to Rimouski Bay. Those three months at sea were an extraordinary experience. I was at sea, in space. From then until September, I wanted only one thing: to find a job on a tanker that my project was agreed.

One week later I was high and dry in the Faculty of Literature at the University of Montreal. I wonder occasionally, even today how I could have spent years in that agonizingly artificial environment of routine re-education.

Leaving Rimouski for Montreal was a definitive departure. Even if I tried to convince myself that I was leaving only a provincial small town that was backward, bigoted and without a future, my heart had told me that I could not identify that town no less profound.

I left Rimouski morally naked. My BA made me sick. Disgusted with Rimouski, the seminary and its pretensions, not knowing who I was or what I wanted. I left for the university more because I was "normal" when one had a BA than because I really had the taste for it. But hadn't I discovered modern authors such as Camus and Sartre who seemed to look at the world the way I did? I would doubtless, discover some of them. And then I would see better. One could do so many things in the city, including

going peacefully unnoticed and committing suicide without disturbing anyone. That definitive gesture inspired me as the way from Rimouski to Montreal. I put it off for another time.

In September, 1966, it wasn't a new university I enrolled in, but the job in Montreal. It was during my first few weeks there in a 30-day hunger strike with my old mate Pierre Valérien, that I relived my childhood and adolescence. Valérien wrote the autobiographical part of his *White Nights Of Montreal* in this time. I did not write my memoirs, but I too had been brutally jolted backwards. From his, the current power of rendering the past so immediate and necessary, often more important than the present.

It was the FLQ that led me to jail. It was my childhood and adolescence that led me to the FLQ. It was the powerlessness of the riot they had planned so highly of the seminary, or rather its disavowal and treachery to the people of Quebec that led to my discovery of the need for the FLQ when I arrived in Montreal in September, 1960. I still had a long road to travel before I actually joined its ranks and some day it will recount that journey. Because I want it to be known. □

snappy. showman.



Snap on a cartridge, push the start button and the Kodak IntraMatric M169 movie projector does the rest... automatically. It threads itself and rewinds itself, without you ever having to touch the film, or fumble with reels again.

Just leave your film unspooled in a Kodak projection magazine, or load three yourself. Super 8 or regular 8—80 feet or 100 feet. Even this on projection is a snap. See the Kodak IntraMatric M169 movie projector at your Kodak dealer.

Less than \$217.

Or see model M185, same as the M169, but takes Super 8 films only. Less than \$149.

From Kodak's new change without a film. "TERRORIST" is a registered trademark of Canada's Endless Co., Limited.

Kodak

From Ontario To Alaska—You'll Meet Us Kids On The Thumb

When a 15-year-old schoolboy from Cobalt, Ontario, decided he'd hitchhike from his home to Alaska, it seemed an incredible adventure. It was — but one he shared with the crowd

BY CLIFFORD J. LARABIE



Your best bets are at the Annapolis town gas stations or cross roads. A sign carrying your destination will get you three tries.

LARRY Lee hitchhiked from Cobalt, northern Ontario, to Fairbanks, Alaska, and back again — more than 14,000 miles. I was one of the thousands of kids you've probably seen on the sides of Canadian roads in summertime. Though hitchhiking isn't like to belong to the fraternity of the thumb.

I slipped into my first car on July 12 — and into the greatest experience of my life. In the next few weeks I was to learn more about people than I had during the 15 years of my life — perhaps more than I shall learn in the rest of it. Like other young hitchhikers, I was throwing myself entirely upon the mercy of those remote and frequently indifferent creatures — adults.

There are many reasons for hitching on these roads. One basic reason is that the young are suspicious of all conventions and hitchhiking is certainly unconventional. It is also cheap. In my opinion, it is just about the only way would-be hitchhikers can find true adventure these days.

Hitchhike today don't look like Huck, of course. They generally are surprisingly clean-cut, just like the kids you see or imagine them coming with. Their destination tend to be the glamorous, glamorous every teen-ager wants. Action shot, jumps a bright glad bush jacket for civility days, but few things outweigh the true hitchhiker from the city-to-unknown. One in the wind-torn hair and the confident, almost arrogant air of the traveler. The other is the knapsack — the hitchhiker's stolen symbol. No matter how terrified it looks to you, don't poke fun at the knapsack; it's his most proud possession.

One of the first hitchhikers I met was an Englishman named Larry. He had a degree from the University of Aberdeen. He'd flown from London to New York and started hitchhiking. It took him. When he reached Vancouver he was planning to fly back to England. He just wanted to see Canada and as

far as he was concerned there was no better way than to hitch it. Jim Rath, a medical student from New York, also just wanted to see some new country. When I met him in Fairbanks he was reading a book on physiology. He thought hitchhiking brought him closer to nature. I know now what he meant. We spent a night together crouched over a dying camp fire beside a silent highway on the glowing night and enjoyed it.

Then there was Clare, who had just completed university and was, as he put it, "just between a friend, staying some of the plains. I always wanted to visit before I settle down and start to decay like the rest of the human race."

Many "thru-hike" kids are romanticists, who, like the heroine of the adventures, the knowledge and the thrill of achieving something. Mike and Carol, a hitchhiking team from the States, were like that. When asked where to go and for how long, Mike would light a stick of incense, chant a few mystical words and hope for the best. I rode from Whitehorse to Dawson City with them and we spent a few days together.

Mike was the only Alaska-bound American I met who had read any of Robert Service's poems or any of Jack London's books. He was married, the colors where Service and London had lived in Dawson City and I was astounded by Mike's knowledge of these two men. When we parted, Mike and Carol gave me a few sticks of incense and entrusted me with the magic words designed to guarantee a lift from the next motorist, but I forgot them almost immediately.

Lyne, an Australian working in Vancouver, decided to hitchhike to Montreal and back during his two-week vacation. She wouldn't have any time for sight-seeing in Montreal — she simply wanted to hitchhike.

Denise, a 19-year-old from Kingston, B.C., had finished high school and, since her parents could not afford to send him to university, he had gone to work. For two



Hitchhiker from Quebec City to Toronto, John Morris, 17, and his girl friend were photographed 25 miles west of Montreal.

years he saved as much as he could. When I met him in Winnipeg he was in the unusual work of what he planned to be a four-year trip around the world. He was sending his trip on a book called *The Road to Nowhere* by Richard Halliburton, the story of a university graduate who started out with pockets almost empty and yet managed to make his way around the world. He said, "If he could do it, I can. Besides, I've got more money than he has."

On my way to Lake Louise, I was picked up by a Volkswagen van with a number of hitchhikers already aboard. Among them was another hitchhiking team, David from New York and Marlene from Montreal. David had dropped out of university because, in his opinion, he was not learning anything. He had bought a guitar and taught himself to play. Then he landed a recording contract with a company in Vancouver and was on his way from it back home. Marlene had no family and no money, she simply tagged along with anyone who would pay for her ride — in this case, David.

Paul Minton was traveling by way home after a summer of fire fighting in Alaska. He had a good deal of money (fire fighting men about \$30 per day) and would have taken a plane, but he chose to hitch it for the experience. He did not particularly enjoy it, but he did find a few things amusing. Such

as an almost sleepless night we spent on the floor of a cabin in an Eskimo village, with children peeping in at all hours to see if we were still there. When we separated in Burnaby, Yukon, a plane so close that it made me wonder if I was ever going to get a ride out. Paul said reasonably he would send a bush pilot to get me if he had not heard from me by the next fall.

A lot of hitchhikers could be called the "don't know" — kids who just don't know why they ever stopped on to the side of that road and stuck their thumb out. I asked two girls from Montreal why they hitchhiked. They looked at each other closely for a few seconds then both started to giggle stupidly. They had never thought about it. They had hitchhiked more than 2,000 miles without knowing why. One girl said, "All the other kids were doing it and all of a sudden, well, there we were, standing at the side of the road with our thumbs."

Just west of Montreal I met Ben in Sudb. Ben, Marie, Gloria and I were standing there. He had expected to reach Vancouver the next day. He had absolutely no idea of the distance involved.

Ben was hitchhiking from Halifax to Cheltenham, British Columbia, to be with his brother's wedding. When I crossed his trail he had 2,000 miles to go and out and a half days in it. He did it. I wished him luck and hoped

his brother had another summer ahead up for best men. An Australian couple, who had flown from Sydney to Trent, B.C. His sister-in-law was expecting and he was to be godfather. I found it surprising that he got sides because he was the weird-looking character I ever took him was a day in his last year he left me, and carried a double-barreled shotgun along on his back.

As a general rule, the kids who are today's hitchhikers are not "bored" or "petulant" or "mischievous." Often I'd get with five or six hitchhikers, with my wallet stuck in my shoe beside my sleeping bag and my carrying gear strewn all around. Nothing was ever taken.

Chances are, as I say, a factor, but two-thirds nearly thumb simply because they cannot afford to stay otherwise. The experience is the thing. The weary, long-legged individual you pick up may often be carrying more cash than you are. He may say he doesn't have much money — but then, how many of you would let a hitchhiker that you have \$300 or \$500 in your back pocket? Suspense works both ways.

Where does the money come from? It comes from the world's most hitchhikers from the



An aside to Vancouver from Montreal, David Quinlan, 18 (left) and Eric Macintosh, 17.

US, Alaska, England, France, Ireland, Denmark, even Czechoslovakia. Where are they going? All over the world. Who I'll get home to Cobalt, Ontario, two years I want to high school with were planning a three-year tour of the world. The last I heard, they were in the Yukon — it seems everyone leaves west.

And why do they do it? Next time someone says a thumb at your car, pick them up and had out for yourself.



A hitchhiker at the Yukon symbol of today's adventure.

SOME RULES OF THE THUMB

Your thumb and thumb may not see from one end of Canada to the other, but it's a very little life, but it's worth living. The thumb is the most important of all possessions in all provinces and all provinces (from \$10 to \$300). The exception is Quebec, where a newly formed organization called *Supernovis* is trying to make the thumb a symbol of the thumb and make it a very special card to members over 18 who have no national policy and provincial address. (Write: Supernovis, 8770 rue Forcades, Montreal 1 in the white paper, there are no resolutions prohibiting hitchhiking, except in British Columbia where the rules are not enforced very vigorously.) If you are traveling this time, see the Trans Canada Highway is the most popular route.

SEND IN YOUR
BEACHCOMBER

Lei on the Beachcomber
It's a touch of tropical. So wade right in.

Beachcomber White Rum

MEDICINE *continued*

	Luminance
Moonlight	0.01-0.1
Starlight	0.1-1
Twilight	0.1-10
Indoor lighting	3-300
10 ft. in sunlight and shadow	3,000-7,000
In automobile	
Concrete highway	4,000-9,000
Country road	4,000-8,000
At the beach	
Sand or shore	5,000-12,000
Around sea horizon	3500-70,000
In water	
Clarity away from sun	2,000-5,000
100 ft. by 30° below sun	24,000-38,000
Below 10°	10,000-48,000

To be effective, sunglasses should bring the strongest light down to between 60 and 3,000 on the luminance scale, which involves letting only about 10% of the light through on a middaywear day. The sunglasses the dark have their limitations, and for low light conditions a light transmission of around 20% should give enough protection.

The question of density has nothing to do with the color of the lenses. In fact some authorities argue that color is unnecessary, and would prefer all glasses a neutral gray to avoid all risk of confusing color signals, such as traffic lights.

Physician B. A. J. Clark, of the Australian Defence Standards Research Laboratory, says all sunglasses not sufficiently neutral in color should be banned. Clark also warns that unless the lenses are perfectly matched (which is unlikely in very cheap sunglasses) the wearer may suffer from spots of darkness and de-orientation.

Eyes rather are cheap sunglasses with gradient-density lenses (darker at the top of the lens than at the bottom). If the lenses are not optically out of balance, the wearer could develop a tendency to favor one eye and this could speed his disease progression.

Thousands of people suffer from defective color vision without even knowing it. For these, certain types of sunglasses can be even more dangerous because they could cause traffic signal confusion. Australian expert Clark has a solution here, too. He suggests showing a small color-test chart to the retail packet of sunglasses in response to a printed guideline regarding suitability of the lenses. Color-defective eyes might see "NO" (in the pattern of the chart) whereas normal eyes would see "YES."

And then there's the danger of ultraviolet light, which can burn the lens of the eye. All glass lenses stop most of the ultraviolet rays. But the Canadian Medical Association warns that plastic lenses let ultraviolet rays through unless the plastic is tested against green G.

days have become hours.
hours now minutes.
minutes now seconds.



how come?

Today's women can give more time to the things they really like to do. Nearly every household chore has been altered to take less time and less trouble. She has more things to thank for this: fabulous household appliances, delicious convenience foods and advertising. Advertising tells her what millions of women like her, about all the new time-saving inventions. It is the dream of these millions that makes mass production possible. And mass production makes mass consumption possible. Take a look around you: part of our good life is the good things in it. And advertising helps good things happen.

advertising helps
good things happen.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Phases combined (2 words)	105 45 150 41 254 112 129 131 101 121
B. Despoises	70 82 122 240 123 171 91 300
C. Members of a secret society formed in 1835 century Ireland	107 110 220 91 102 19 185 15 140
D. Brilliantly were general of Word G.	71 141 160 110 14 171
E. "or" (Proverbs 30:32 —3 words)	1 14 24 102 18 142 70 117 33 40
F. Use of strength or energy	114 42 220 102 19 125
G. Leader in Northwest Territories (1944-65)	119 72 57 171
H. MP for Winnipeg North	25 25 145 111 85 201 100
I. Skated with real, etc. from the dollar	104 30 42 125 119 160 138 112
J. Made a sudden move most of the time or from (2 words)	105 181 221 250 70 160 41 72 24 9
K. What are fabulous wolf threatened to do (3 words)	11 121 91 102 31 124 19 40 138 14 17
L. Drink is absorbed	118 9 1 122 10 114 11
M. Lake in Saskatchewan, NT, or Cumberland Lake	112 10 117 42 108



DIRECTIONS Start each 10-letter word at the top left and work down the column. The 10-letter word at the bottom left is the only one that is not a 10-letter word. The 10-letter word at the bottom right is the only one that is not a 10-letter word. The 10-letter word at the bottom left is the only one that is not a 10-letter word. The 10-letter word at the bottom right is the only one that is not a 10-letter word.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. He didn't go all the way to Alberta to look for the Gas!	44 55 113 140 119 200 120
O. Perfect type	81 98 42 175 111
P. Doll that visited one of the 100 to offer a night pitch (2 words)	102 32 250 138 42 57 147
Q. Frequently repeated phrase in summer (3 words including conjunction)	102 172 91 126 148 221 33 108 28 10 111 34 224 1
R. In 1839 the Dutch renamed this former South African British colony and gave it its present name	75 144 10 42 34 165 74
S. Described Sappho as a Terebinth square (2 words)	1 91 204 123 10 18 102 11 61
T. Where a flag is when an American head of state dies (omitted to word)	117 50 180 150 134 164 94 225 101
U. Bob Edwards' "praise center" (2 words)	1 183 42 112 10 140 164 102 39
V. BC gold-mining community	74 10 11 146 35 221 37 10
W. Superior & Prince (2 words)	46 44 81 101 100 110 50 34 9 34
X. Move with a twisting motion	111 49 16 227 102
Y. Youth between boyhood and adulthood	4 34 136 47 36 179 75 17 113 17 102

Solution to Crossword No. 2



"The moment I saw that smashed window, I knew our vacation money was gone.

The worst part was having to tell the kids we were going back home."



CHRIS and Alice Enright had been looking forward to their "Discover America" auto trip all year. So were the kids.

But unfortunately the Enrights discovered they should have taken their money in American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash.

While they were taking a quick break for lunch, somebody looted their car.

The take—Chris' jacket, \$290 in cash and Alice's camera. Result: one vacation botched up.

It didn't have to happen.

Suppose Chris had lost American Express Travelers Cheques instead of cash. Then he could have gone to the local American Express office or representative—we're all over the world—and got his missing Cheques replaced.

One fairly vacation rescued. Another big advantage. No other form of money is as acceptable as American Express Travelers Cheques.

Our Cheques are good everywhere—at restaurants, hotels, motels, gas stations, nightclubs, stores—both here and abroad.

You can get American Express Travelers Cheques where you bank. They come in denominations of \$50, \$20, \$50



American Express Travelers Cheques—No money you can't travel with

and \$100. And they cost just 1¢ for every dollar's worth. Which means that for \$2.00 the Enrights could have saved themselves a lot of grief.

American Express Travelers Cheques

AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

**You
can help win
another Gold Medal
for Canada.**

The Equestrian Team won Canada's only Gold Medal at the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico. They can win again at the Pan American Games in 1971 and at the next Olympics in 1972. Canada's riders are amateurs. They provide their own mounts — or borrow them



from friends. They give their own time and skill, gladly and without payment. They want to win again but they need your help. Send your contribution to our Canadian Equestrian Team today. All the riders — and all the young people who look up to them — will be grateful to you.

Send to:
Canadian Equestrian Team
75 Dufferin Road
Toronto, Ont.
(Official receipts will be
issued for tax purposes.)



Life along the Margaree River

Nova Scotia warmly invites you to Canada's Ocean Playground

For details of a splendid seaside vacation, send Nova Scotia's 28 page colour storybook. Write: NTSI or call the office nearest you.
In Toronto: Nova Scotia Travel Information
43 Leppien Ave. East, Toronto 18, Ont.
Tel: (416) 481-0480

In Montreal: Nova Scotia Travel Information
Central Station Concourse, Office 1
PO Box 3000, Station 3, Montreal, Que.
Tel: (514) 638-9140

Or Nova Scotia Travel Bureau
PO Box 120 (Hillier)
Nova Scotia, Canada



 **only moments away**



"...to tell you the truth,
It is not the vermouth—
I think that perhaps
it's the gin."

Opinion Nosh, 1985

A Gin of exceptional character. So fine and dry that you can even enjoy it straight over the rocks.

To tell you the truth, it might change your whole approach to the martini.
(And the Collins. And the Gin & Tonic. And the ...)

Charter House
LONDON DRY GIN

When Betty Shapiro's On The Line, Someone In The Cabinet Is Listening

BY DON BELL

"Hello, Saskatoon, are you there?"
No answer.

"Well, let another call. Cross Country Chatline. Where's the?"

It's Sunday night, and the women behind the CBC microphones in Montreal's Studio 23 in Betty Shapiro, a grey-haired 53-year-old Westmount housewife and probably the best-known female voice in Canadian broadcasting. The program is a two-hour open-line radio show called *Cross Country Chatline*, which next month begins its sixth season on the CBC national network. With a week-to-week listening audience of 150,000 (15% of the Sunday night 5.30-7.30 radio audience) it has a following exceeded among CBC programs only by *Mickey Night In Canada*, the 10 o'clock national news and *Sunday Morning Magazine*. It is perhaps the only truly national forum of opinion in Canadian broadcasting.

This night the show was a bomb. Apart from the obvious call from Saskatoon ("It's just an electronic bomb—nothing to worry about"), there were other phone lines to Shapiro. A call to Hamilton got lost somewhere over the Atlantic. And an audience in London struggled too long with the question "Are New Left tactics causing a backlash?"Listeners might have wondered whether the program was about the West German elections, student riots at the Scripps minority conference in Chesham, Quebec, worse a letter requesting that at last the CBC had found an authentic comedy show.

Most shows run more smoothly. On a typical Sunday evening Mrs. Shapiro, whose husband is sales manager for a Montreal dress manufacturer, will talk to about 20 Canadian calling lines as far away as Sydney, Nova Scotia, and Lillooet, British Columbia. Until two years ago calls were screened to weed out the crackpots and cranks. Now, callers are asked only for their name and address (for Bill Canada bookkeeping), which means that anyone who gets through can sound off to a national audience on the topics chosen for the week. Some listeners dial work after work without lock, surveys show, anywhere from 500 to 2,500 callers trying already engaged lines.

Since the show went on the air five years ago, the household of Andrew Sparrow (now with the CBC TV information show *Weekend*), it has dealt with issues as controversial as Vietnam, abortion, Quebec politics, tax breaks and feminism—and as trivial as in-flight jet-set style host telling the "dumb bunnies" where to get off that Mrs. Shapiro has

"The majority of calls are from people who are bright, articulate, and concerned," says the show's frail but energetic hostess. "It's a big-hour but valuable sampling of Canadian opinion. Each caller represents not only himself but also a whole group, since he is the and product of a certain background and education and social values. It's like putting your finger on the pulse of Canada."

Chatline producer Richard Spay, the son of Radio League pioneer Graham Spay, describes the show as a firm step toward complete community involvement in broadcasting. Mrs. Shapiro likes it to having 150,000 people into your living room at once.

At first the idea of an open-line show on the CBC shocked some people (including one or two highly placed executives in "the Corporation") who perceived a Pat Burns-Luck Weekly style host telling the "dumb bunnies" where to get off that Mrs. Shapiro has

placed in a matter of weeks from Labor Minister Bryce Mackenzie, a former guest, told her that he regards it as a duty to catch the show wherever possible. Most of his Cabinet colleagues, he said, feel the same. Prime Minister Trudeau was a studio guest for the last show of the season in June.

Chatline's first host was Brian Coslett, the popular moderator of a New York open-line show, who was replaced in a matter of weeks by Percy Seligman. Betty Shapiro, who began her career as a broadcaster 16 years ago (she has three daughters and a son to become a grandmother), took over in October, 1966, as the show began its second season. "It's crazy, but I knew I was the person who should do the show. For always been interested in the people I interview, and I have the ability to listen to every Tom, Dick and Harry. There just isn't much of a pull between me and the average person."

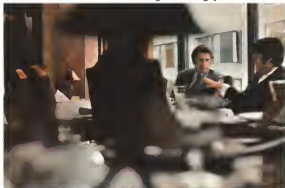
Inspired, unafraid, un-



Cross Country Chatline's Betty Shapiro — 1966 host-known female voice in Canadian broadcasting.

When you're ready to talk insurance you don't need a nice guy.

You need a knowledgeable nice guy.



Have a quiet talk with a Sun Life representative.

When it's your hard-earned dollars that are being discussed, you need more than just "niceness"—you need somebody who knows the life insurance business inside out and will be able to tailor a plan that strikes just the right balance between your requirements and your resources.

That's where the Sun Life agent

has the edge. His training is comprehensive and continuous. Before you ever meet him his knowledge has been honed to a fine point. He has mastered his subject in both the group and individual areas. He knows the intricacies of Electra's Family Security Program, retirement savings plans—and Sun

Fund Policies. Sun Life's equity-based annuity policies. And heeding this knowledge is Sun Life—one of the world's largest and most progressive insurance organizations.

Next time you need life insurance or counsel about your family's financial planning, have a quiet talk with a Sun Life agent. You'll be impressed.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA



an, especially in sports, that saying that this is to do with long hair or full clothes, such as coffers, or a strange appearance must be somehow homosexual. That's stupid. There's absolutely no correlation between long hair and effigy on the football field."

The story of the situation is that the team with the most cancelled long hairs, the Toronto Argos, may easily open off with this year's Grey Cup. Argos don't own a full-behavior and frisky but instant quarterback like Joe Napier, true enough, and it's the quarterback who should make the difference in the 1970 championship struggle. A change in CFL rules allows quarterbacks to remain in the team with the referee. If a quarterback, the new regulation permits each team to use 14 American imports provided two of them work solely at quarterback, defense and line, with the exception of Ottawa's superb and now retired Russ Jackson, all the quarterbacks in the Canadian game are American, the way now lies open for each team to come up with twice as much strength and skill at that key position. And the Argos, with the experienced Tony Williams and his bright new-caster Don Jones, are loaded in the quarterback department.

All the CFL coaches agree that Argos are the team to beat. They're denied by Toronto's spectacular running, led by Dave Rennie and Bill Symons, by its hard-rock defensive line and backfield, and by its fleet of speedy pass-catchers.

And, of course, Toronto does have all those long hairs.

"We're known all over the league as the 'happies' and the 'hippies' and all that stuff," says "Proff." And guys such as Bobby Taylor and Mike Eber and myself take a terrific beating especially from the fans and on the presses. But none of us mind because we know we have the best team. We've got a winning feeling. □

REVIEWS

FILMS

Ottawa gambled some of our money on a naughty film—and won

BY KASPARO GZELIK

LATE IN THE SUMMER of 1988 a leather-jacketed hood driven his motorcycle into a Montreal convent school and emerged minutes later with a pretty blonde named Valérie perched on the back seat, riding away for ever through the streets of Montreal. With her she carried the fantasies of Cineplex, a small Montreal film distributor-producer. Valérie was what's known in the trade as "sexploitation" film. It was Cineplex's first production, and it could hardly have been a more spectacular flop.

The film opened on May 2, 1988, at the Patman theatre, in the shadow of Montreal's Place Ville Marie, and earned \$40,000 at the box office in its first week. After 23 weeks in Montreal and engagements in about 325 theatres throughout Quebec, it had grossed more than \$500,000. In Beaulieuville and a half dozen other small towns, where Cineplex has the population. A dubbed English-language version played in theatres across Canada, bringing its gross Canadian earnings to \$1,300,000. Not bad for a film that cost \$85,000 to make.

But Valérie was just that—the beginning. In the last year Cineplex has become one of the most profitable film-production businesses in the country. Valérie has been distributed in 26 countries (in Paris 25,000 people saw the film within 15 days of its opening). It will be shown in Hong Kong and Singapore. It was the first Canadian film purchased in Finland and Yugoslavia. And Cineplex has been producing three more just like it, with a little financial help from the federal government's Canadian Film

Development Corporation.

Cineplex, the company's second film, went before the cameras in September 1988, and cost about \$200,000. It opened at the Patman on January 28 and in the first week grossed \$60,000 (the same week the widely advertised Swedish film *J. Åke* [Celine Dion] was playing in a Toronto theatre of comparable size and grossed \$48,000). Kneecaps, Cineplex's third film, has been running between 30% to 50% higher than Valérie.

Cineplex has already repaid the Film Development Corporation its investment. The CFDC now wants its share of the profits (in fact on any Canadian film in which it has invested) which are to be taken from the film's future earnings.

The government corporation's association with Cineplex has outraged some CBC film critics. Gerald Pringle, who saw the company's third film—the sex yet unclassified *Love Is a 4-Letter Word*—at a commercial showing in Cannes, scoffed off as the showbusiness weekly *Variety*.



Danielle Gauthier as Valérie... \$1,300,000 from an \$85,000 investment.

"If the argument is that films like *Love Is a 4-Letter Word* will be a good investment and the taxpayer's money will not be lost, then a case could be made for public financing of production." CFDC director Michael Spenser says, in reply, that "the CFDC does not take a moral position on the products submitted for consideration. Nevertheless, one of the conditions of participation is that the film be acceptable to the board of directors of at least one province. Both *Valérie* and *Cineplex* were passed without votes in Quebec, although cinema in other provinces demanded changes. Anyone trying to put money into films must realize that films are going in one direction, not two."

John Dunning, outgoing president of Cineplex, crosses his legs on the desk of his office in the company's quiet one-story headquarters in suburban Montreal. He is a well-cut 40-year-old man, 1962 of personality (foreign films, many of them sexy, Dunning has felt for some time that he knows what will sell). But it won't sell him. Not *Valérie*. He says, "The 20th would be feature-film market to be a project before Dunning and his affiliate French Canadian, now-president André Lévesque, that he felt "this was a terrible idea from a fellow who was ready to take guidance on what

A set of Crystal.
The ultimate in good taste.

Walker's Crystal Gin and Crystal Vodka are the ultimate in good taste.

Walker's Crystal Gin is the one gin with flavour enough not to drown in the mix. Yet not so much bouquet as to overpower a tonic. Makes a desert-dry martini, too.

Walker's Crystal Vodka hasn't the slightest hint of aroma or taste. Perfect for guests who like their favourite mixer to come through.

People with good taste always seek out the ultimate Crystal On and Crystal Vodka.

**Walker's Crystal Gin
and Crystal Vodka.**

sort of film to make.

Hiroshi's script for *Yakusa* was written on "kumog paper," often in the back seats of taxis or at framed coffee-tables in restaurants.¹⁰ That ride through the concrete gate plunges the film's young hero into a filthy sexual world of kerosene-pipe diners, lecherous and prostitution before she regains the man she loves in a sloppy, macho-istic ending.

"We felt we had a formula with *Valere*," says Dunning. "It's necessary to look for a story that could happen in any country in the world. If you put jokes in about your major, the guy from Japan, he's going to buy it."

But Morneau, who also directed *L'Inconnu*, has given up exploitation films. "I think sex is finished in Quebec," he says, "although Coo-

Donnay is receptive to the comedy idea. "I hope we probably go on making that type of film," Evans Donnell O'Connor, who stars in both *Patience* and *Leontine*, thinks there will be a change in the public's taste. "People aren't going to be interested in seeing sex much longer. Cinemas should give us funny films."

Casper — Z won last year — then the public taste is changing. Obviously the minimal sex-comedy with an anti-Establishment flavor is a fiver."

Casper will start production on two more films, one French, one English, this month. Dönning has succeeded in arranging American distribution next month for Cinecittà productions through Allied Artists. He wonders when he will recall the

the offices in which he can now so casually prop his feet used to belong to 19th Century-Fox, which recently came back on its real-estate holdings in Canada and the United States. And, as if his daydreams weren't pleasant enough, Dunning confesses that his night dreams are equally placed. "I have no golf puns," he says. "I sleep well." □

70 LEE/SONN

Don't say Canada can't
produce good television:
look at our commercials

BY DOUGLAS MACHOWSKI

There's a show in which Canadian supposedly moribund television production industry is very much alive, gloriously healthy and ready to take on the three corners of the broadcast world in 'Twin' keeps flicking on to the screen. In the end the man breaks into a marvellous smile of relief presumably because he has remembered his wife keeps a supply of beers.

This commercial is worth a closer analysis because it evidently combines those values the advertising agency has chosen to promote: the safety of the airplane, the reliability of the airline, the quality of the food and the service of the flight attendants. The commercial is a good example of how a company can use its advertising to promote its values and its products at the same time.

Yet for a living-room viewer, the commercial has two flaws. First, the nature of fishing techniques is diagrammatically close to addressal advertising and in any case becomes inevitably annoying after a time. Secondly and sadly because this is where entertainment and commerce overlap, the artist was needlessly ha-

However, concerns and predictions are performing better as producers in the advertising world when assured against the only risk that concerns do it all: the product. The commercial evidently does "I hate that black," and a housewife standing the Award Danger. "I hate that black," and a housewife standing the Award Danger. "I hate that black," and a housewife standing the Award Danger.

and finally shows him with hot chocolate. Throughout the scenario the word

The robot runs down and is rescued again by Ray-O-Vac. The message is simple, direct and utterly ineffective.

□ The "All Hairy men" commercial for Gulf Oil in which Wayne and Shuster introduce a men's team of hairy Gulf attendants. This was one of the festival's low points. The Gulf ad was vulgar, condescending to Canadians and pathetically unfunny. It also espaguerously on the face. We Worry" public-service message for industrial safety, a platitude that is not mitigated by the fact that they were both produced by the same agency (Vickers and Roscoe).

□ The mail-early message for the Canadian Post Office, which advises people using the mail to "avoid the Christmas blizz," although the postal schedule makes this plea sound strange, it had the right touch of wit and urgency last winter.

□ The Bank of Montreal story tells of a little old lady hobbling into a vast, marble-balled bank as if she owned it. The commercial jiffy sounds becoming eloquently sentimental by maintaining a whiff of self-mockery.

11 The parody commercial for Potlatch Probe in which, as Stanley Turk's rambles on about what a race world we used to have, a spinning globe is methodically displayed with garbage. This commercial undoubtedly the most imaginative of the last season was selected by a special panel of consumers.

As most of these winners indicate, Canadian-made commercials are gaining some of favor and shedding some of their conga for the intelligence of the viewers. We are all affected by the Man From Glad and his ilk. But these are mainly American invaders and their numbers are perceptibly declining. We may soon be left with a typically Canadian absurdity: the best television commercials in the world interrupted by the worst programs. □



Moran Walker & Sons Limited, Walkerville, Canada

Canada's publishers are in a lot of trouble: It's sell—or sell out

BY ROBERT WEARER

Book publishers, says Jack MacLellan, Canada's best-known book publisher, in "the most commercial business to get into. It requires no qualifications and no training. All it requires is \$5,000 and a manuscript. But that isn't the trick—the trick is to stay in the business once you've got there."

In mid-June it was beginning to look as though the Ryerson Press, the oldest publisher in Canada (founded in 1827), had run out of tricks and might be on its way out of the book business. Ryerson had announced an enormous sale of 600,000 books from its inventory, and there were rumors about that the firm's bookstore had faced a gathering crisis in Canada's publishing industry generally—a crisis that matters to us all, because Canadian publishing, despite its problems and its decline, is still the only method we have of distributing most of our creative writers, our historians, our political commentators, our textbooks, science books and even our own cookbooks.

Late in the afternoon on Saturday, June 30, eight hours before the Ryerson sale was to end and a little more than a week after it began, Toronto's Varsity Arena was a depressing place. It was and is to watch none good and too many bad books (a hundred or more described the scene as "loads of new books") ending up this way. But it was a busy place, too, with white flannel feeding their shopping carts, and you got the impression that most of the people at the arena weren't regular customers of the bookstores. That probably won't please Canadian booksellers, who have

watched unhappily in the past year as two major Toronto publishers hold their own book sales to get rid of inventory and pick up working capital.

MacLellan & Stewart did it first, and Jack MacLellan now says that their sale brought the firm "enough trouble with the retail book trade so that we wouldn't do it again." The booksellers prefer to sell the books themselves at normal discount arrangements (from generally 40% off the retail price), and they prefer to dispose of publishers' inventories as so-called remainder books, bought as cheaply as possible and priced for quick turnover.

There was actually a third book sale in Toronto this year. Last summer the novelist Hugh Corbett discovered that his publisher—unusually, it was Ryerson Press—intended to surrender a collection of his short stories *Men And Women* to the booksellers. The sale price, who can't benefit from a publisher's sale or the remainderer is the author, he doesn't receive a royalty payment on books sold at discount prices. So Corbett bought 970 copies of *Men And Women* at 30 cents a copy and sold them at prices ranging from 70 cents to a dollar in a small book club, in the Toronto Public Library system and to students in a university. It just so happened to be teaching at the time.

Canadian publishing is under stress, and some people are predicting radical changes. There is talk about new arrangements with the booksellers who are now allowed to return unsold books to smother the publisher in inventory. There is talk about

expanding into film strips, video tapes, the whole electronic bit (Ryerson is considering it, although other publishers take a conservative view).

Book publishers in Canada have traditionally housed a lot for their operations in the agency system. The Canadian publisher acts as an agent for English and American firms, supporting and distributing their books, sometimes coming close to drowning in the inventory that creates for them.

A radical view of the present situation holds that Canadian publishers should get out of the agency business, engage themselves in publishing books here and enter into co-publishing arrangements with British and American firms for books that they really want and feel able to sell. Robin Farr, who is director of publishing for Ryerson Press, says the company is considering a policy along these lines.

A side-view of Canadian publishing, looked at from elsewhere, looks almost comical. There aren't that

many Canadian publishers who could be taken over, even if outside interests are considering them. There are McClelland & Stewart, Clarke, Irwin and the Ryerson Press. Oxford Press and Macmillan are Canadian branches of international publishing empires, Colman Doubleday and Random House are not much more than Canadian agents for British and American firms.

Ryerson Press has been a special case, so the publishing arm of the United Church of Canada, and now, like other religious groups, it is being forced to decide or at least to modernize its habits. Its plant and its editorial policies have become obsolete. The book sale, according to Farr, exceeded the company's expectations: more than three-quarters of the 600,000 books were sold to 70,000 buyers. It was presumably a device to trim the firm down for an eventual sale. Farr says about this possibility that they were "hoping to keep it Canadian, but the first thing is to survive." □

CONTENT

Content No. 34

The word "book" is fast becoming an overused collective noun. Strictly speaking, it should be confined to descriptions of certain kinds (papers) and flowers (offert) or vegetables (carnous). And to use it to describe anything but a bunch of Canadians is to insult the intelligence of the nation. But just what is the collective noun for citizens of this country? How about a composite of Canadians? Perhaps a lexicon of Canadian words would be helpful. And while we're at it, why not an explosion of separate, an industry of better, a soul of wheat farmers, a joke of Newfoundlanders, a collection of politicians and a mood of Maritimers? Readers are invited to submit their suggestions of regional colloquialisms that could add color to our language. Entries should be confined to subjects that are regional and Canadian. Address: Content No. 34, Macmillan, 411 University Avenue, Toronto 301, Ont. The deadline is August 21.

Results of Content No. 32

Comments were asked to review the art of glass-canning by providing some fresh examples. The art is clearly in need of revival. Many of the submissions were merely plays on words rather than phrases that had been fixed on their heads. Most of the winning entries, the judges note, contained a broad streak of cynicism. Each of these receives \$10.

□ Oppose it the subject of the people — Vera Bartlett, Winnipeg

□ Turn out, item off, drop in (motto of a modest citizen) — Rick Winfrey, Long Beach, Calif.

□ The money maker and the cook — Sheldon Kover, Toronto

□ Evil is the root of all sinners — Mrs. W. J. Barr, Kitchener, Ont.

□ If you can't join 'em, beat 'em — Denis Dwyer, Toronto

□ A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand (a conservative's creed) — Leonard A. Ross, Tribune Park □

Break out the frosty bottle



and keep your collins dry!



Real life calls for real taste.
For the taste of your life—enjoy the taste
of Coca-Cola. Here and now.

**It's the real thing.
Coke.**



© 1995 The Coca-Cola Company. "Coke" and "Coca-Cola" are registered trademarks which identify only the products of The Coca-Cola Company.